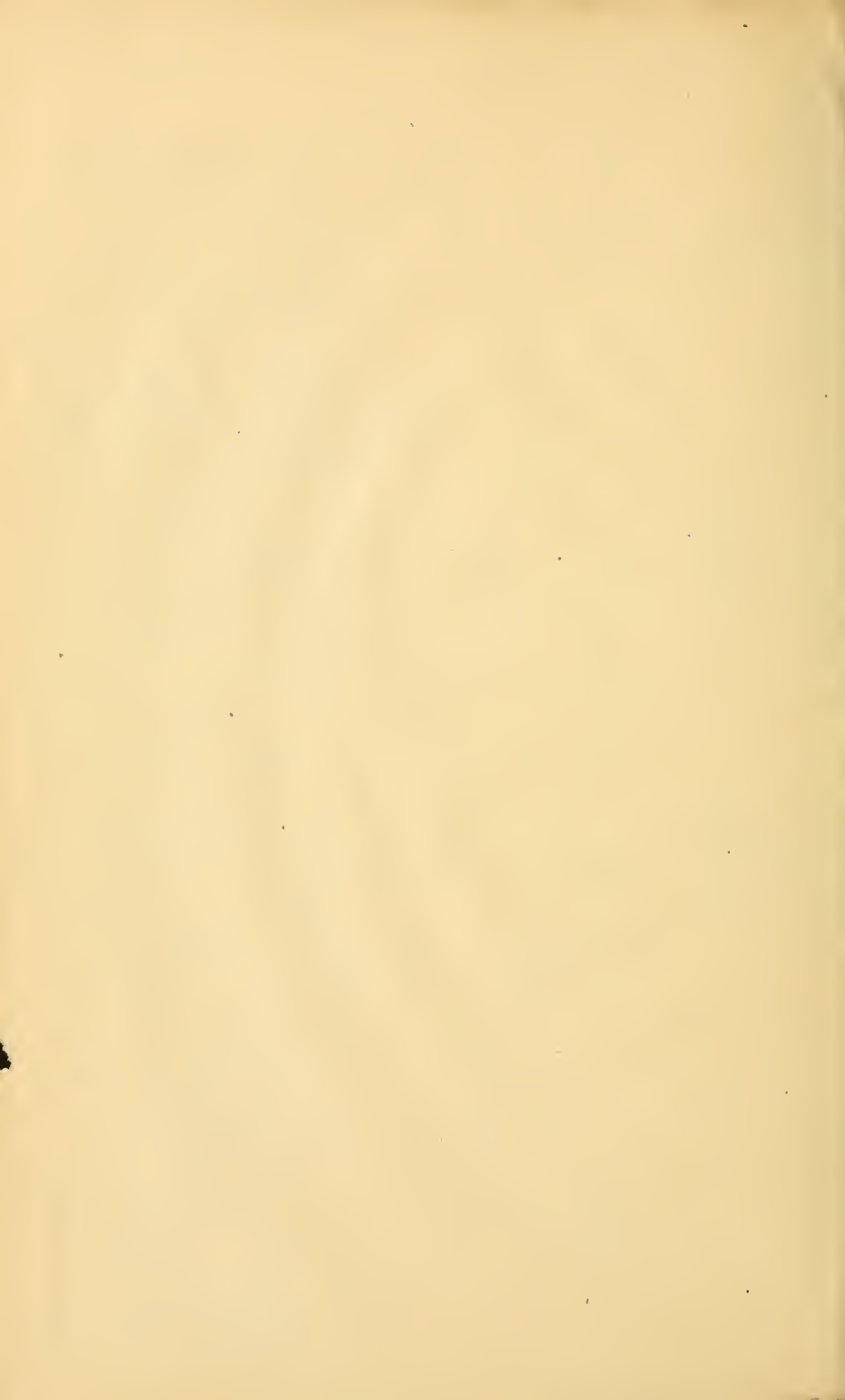
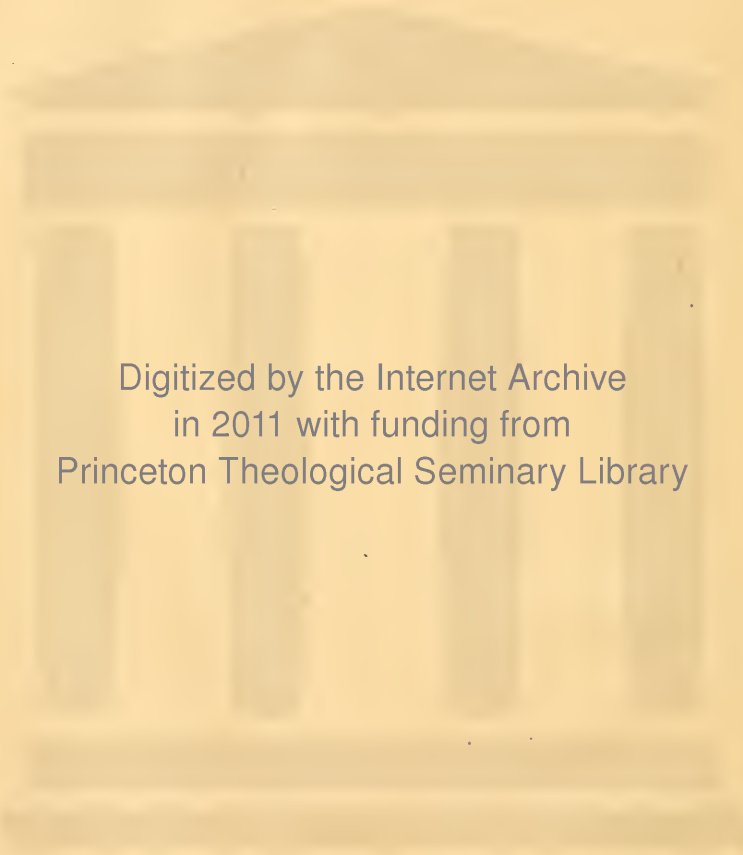


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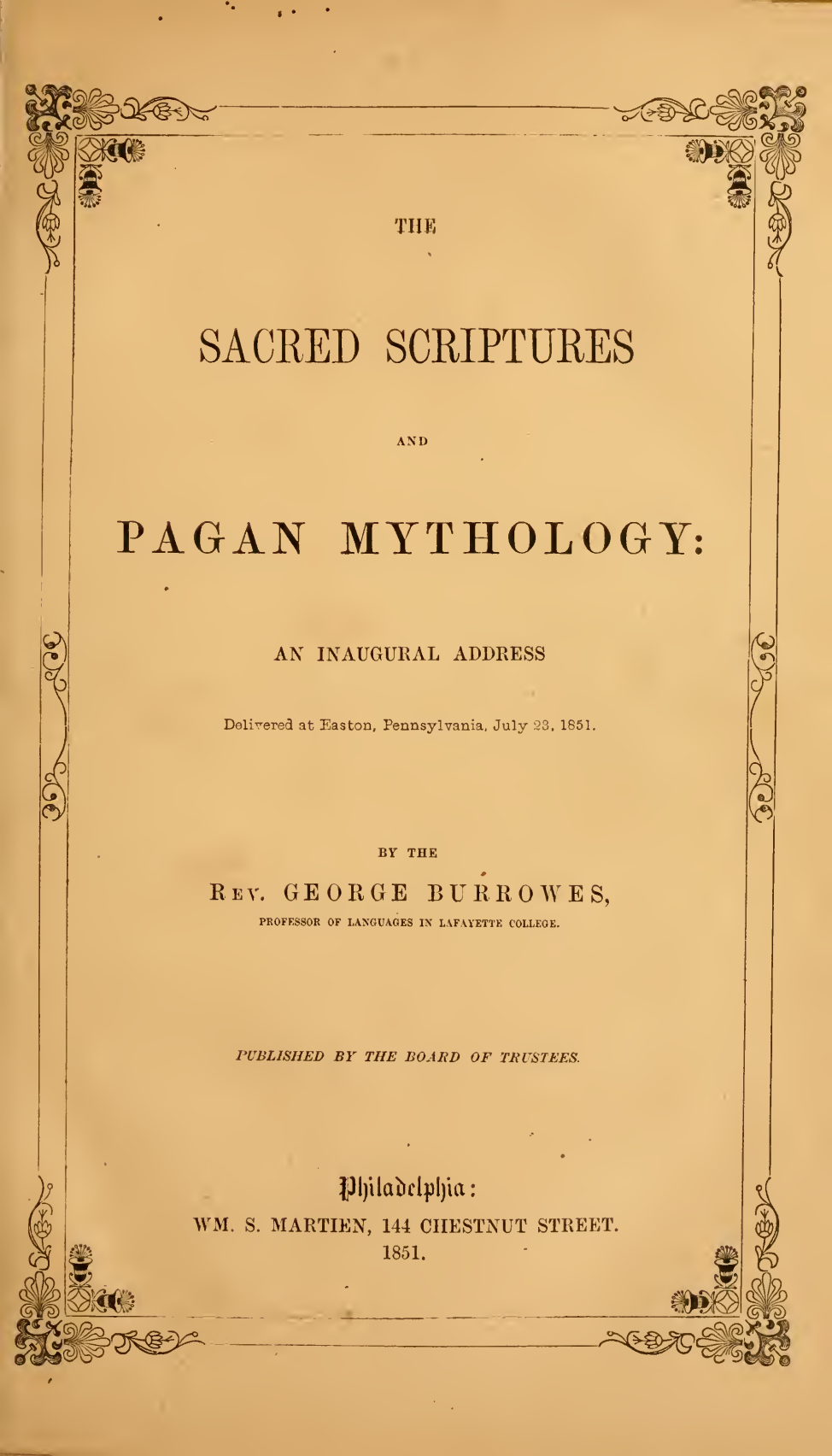
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THE

SACRED SCRIPTURES

AND

PAGAN MYTHOLOGY:

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered at Easton, Pennsylvania, July 23, 1851.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BURROWES,

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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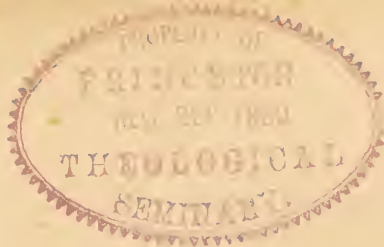
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A D D R E S S .

PERSONS of piety, admitting the importance of classical pursuits, fail not unfrequently to notice the bearing had on each other by the religious systems, and by the literature of Christianity and paganism. The present seems a fit time for inquiring, what place the Sacred Scriptures should hold among classical studies—what advantage is derived from a knowledge of pagan mythology, especially by the Christian minister. The fact seems now not a little surprising that, for so many ages, man should have fallen into such errors concerning the solar system and the starry heavens, satisfied, even after the true theory had been suggested by the sage of Crotona, to dream, among other fancies more astray from truth, that our earth is the centre of the revolutions of all worlds. Nor is the day distant when there will be greater wonder that the word of God could ever have been to such an extent crowded from courses of education—when this volume will be universally received as the centre of every course of training, literary or otherwise, for the young; and all other volumes, all other studies, however important, will be viewed as secondaries, revolving in established tracks around this central sun. The right-hearted classical scholar will feel the Bible furnishes the only clew for threading the labyrinth of heathen antiquity, and discovering the truth hid in the beautiful fictions of mythology; the intelligent student of the Scriptures will be sensible of the importance of acquaintance with those works of genius, for disciplining the mind and forming the taste—still further for enabling him to understand the system of error and idolatry from which the Christian religion was intended to give us deliverance by counteracting its influence and accomplishing its overthrow.

The inquiries here suggested we shall be able to answer by

calling to mind whence sprung the peculiar doctrines, ceremonies, and legends prevailing in the pagan world. Far indeed are those idolatrous systems, with their incongruous mixture of beauties and abominations, from taking their peculiar development without the action of some cause and controlling laws. There is a marvellous likeness among the various theological notions of pagan nations, in different ages, no less than in different countries—the present worship of idolatrous India showing features kindred to those of ancient heathendom, and proving that both sprung, as certainly as did those of Greece and Rome, from a common origin, under the action of common principles in the corrupt nature of man.

Formed for studying the character of God, and for his worship, the soul when broken off from this by sin, must have something to love and worship in place of the Creator. There is in the heart a natural propensity to cherish the memory of benefactors; and when not controlled by grace, the mind even in Christian lands, hoards with almost idolatrous reverence the remembrance of loved ones numbered with the dead. There are countries where the principle of the household gods of the ancients, their Lares and Penates, still prevails, and the memory of deceased ancestors is cherished by religious festivals and pious duties. Strong as is this principle by nature, it acts with far more vigour when those parents have been distinguished actors in events of great importance and have laid the foundation of eminent blessings for posterity. Now, while sin keeps up in the soul an inveterate tendency to fall away from God, this feeling prompts the mind, thus sinking into the abyss of guilt and darkness, to cling with a reverence soon running into worship, to those who, while infinitely inferior to God, are superior to us by having been the means of giving us being. On them, is gradually lavished the worship due to Jehovah. We can hardly conceive with what power this propensity must have operated during the first ages of the world, in reference to those ancestors who had shared in the expulsion from Eden, and in

the salvation of mankind at the flood. Raising their forefathers to the rank of venerated beings of a higher sphere, and then to the grade of deified heroes, the soul with grasp broken loose from the true God, gathered the tendrils of its thoughts and affections around these, incorporating with the purity of the original truth the suggestions arising from time to time from the deepening corruptions of the heart.

When man fell, and promise was given of restoration by a Redeemer, there was a necessity for a new way of approaching God, and for a mode of worship different from that had by our first parents worshipping in Eden. This new way then, showing the first germ of what was afterwards fully unfolded in Jesus Christ, had its ritual and ceremonies, all suited to shadow forth in an incipient state the truths afterwards incorporated in the Levitical dispensation, and reaching a perfect development in the "last days" of the gospel. The different nations of the world, diverging from the parent stock of a single family, carried with them the knowledge of this primitive patriarchal worship; and as generation after generation departed from the true faith, their religion would take the form of a system combining a mixture of truth and error, wherein traces would appear more and more faint with each passing age, of the truths and ceremonies of the worship of the true God, blended with such errors as spring from raising men to the rank of beings claiming divine reverence, and incorporating with the worship of these the worship of the elements and other works of the one living Creator. The aboriginal gods of the pagans were deified mortals. According to Hesiod,*

When o'er those blessed ones of the golden age,
Gathered death's evening shades, their souls made free
Demons became, still hovering o'er the world,
Kindly disposed, from ill defending, guards
Of mortals frail, and with the kingly power
Of granting wealth, upholding righteous laws.

Without mentioning Cicero, Plutarch, and Augustine, we find the most ancient writer after Moses, the Phœnician known

* Op. et Die. 107.

through his translator. Philo, advancing the same opinion. Such being the fact, the early gods will be found those who flourished in the two golden ages of the pagan mythology, periods agreeing with the first creation of our race, and with the time immediately after the deluge—the same persons deified of whom we have the true account, separated from all fable, only in the Scriptures. The leading deities were the patriarchs with their three sons; and from these, not from any idea had of the doctrine of the Trinity, came the famous triads of the heathen. The nature of their festivals and sacrifices shows more clearly than the testimony of ancient writers the sameness of a deity among pagan nations. The names Phœbus, Serapis, Osiris, Typhon, Mithras, Ammon, Adonis, Bacchus, Dionysus, Liber, Dis, Pluto, Pan, Zeus, Jupiter, are different names of the same deity.

A favourite emblem through which God has manifested his character to man, is fire. The pillar of fire was the centre of the Mosaic ritual and the Jewish Theocracy. Tracing it back to the early ages of the patriarchal church, we find its first manifestation in the flaming sword of Eden. This, with the cherubim, sacrifices, and other things afterwards incorporated with additional rites in the Levitical services, was one of the appointments of God, when giving our race a new form of worship under the plan of redemption. When the descendants of Adam, “going out from the presence of the Lord, set up a worship of their own by adulterating with their own errors the true system in which they had been reared, they would naturally seek for something which might hold in their idolatry the place held in the true religion by the Shechinah. This the sun most nearly resembled, and furnished, therefore, a not inappropriate substitute. Hence began the worship of the heavenly bodies. The members of the patriarchal church, equally with the Jews in later ages, felt that God dwelt in the pillar of fire; and these apostates naturally located their deified ancestors in the sun and other heavenly bodies, as their place of eternal abode. In this

mode did sacrifices, and those strange symbolical figures, corruptions of the cherubim, with other rites and legends, strange distortions of Scripture facts, gain prevalence throughout the heathen world. Paganism is patriarchism in caricature or masquerade. All the religions of heathenism are adulterations of the truths of revelation with the errors of man's sinful heart—of the truths which were first given to mankind during the patriarchal church and afterwards committed to writing in the Levitical and Christian dispensations.

Now it has been settled by the practice of the most polished Christian nations for ages, that the study of pagan literature should constitute an important part of a finished education. The necessity, the grounds for this, we need not now examine. No argument is necessary for showing the importance of an acquaintance with the poetry, the history, the eloquence, the philosophy of Greece and Rome. He who controls the destinies of man, made the Jews the depositaries of the moral and religious instructions for saving our race. Those nations he used as instruments for revealing the truths intended for training and polishing the intellect; to the latter we go for cultivating the heart, to the former for training the mind. The literature of these different nations should not be looked upon as antagonistic, one of which should be studied, and the other neglected; but as parts of the one system appointed by the Creator for training man to be entirely a man, for developing his intellect and his heart, and thus bringing forth the most perfect specimen of manhood. Neither the most cultivated pagan nor the noblest Jew could furnish the finest development of human nature; one wanted the action of an element enjoyed by the other alone; and not till man possesses the advantages had from both these channels of learning, does humanity reach its noblest elevation—such as could never be reached in heathenism, such as was never known under Judaism alone, such as is beheld in the son of Israel who enjoyed the benefits springing from a knowledge of classical literature, the Apostle Paul.

But Grecian antiquity, and this is the parent of Roman antiquity, cannot be understood without acquaintance with Grecian religion. "It begins," says Grote, "with gods, and it ends with historical men; the former being recognized not simply as gods, but as primitive ancestors, and connected with the latter by a long mythical genealogy, partly heroic and partly human." For wise reasons those classical treasures are found imbedded in strata of religious errors, wherein remains not a single discernible remnant of truth concerning the living God. So perfectly is this the case, that a step cannot be taken without the necessity of separating truth from error. Herein the mind has exercise from earliest years in that which is so essential and unavoidable a duty through life, the sifting of truth from error. With Milton "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spencer—whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas—describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. The knowledge and survey of vice is in this world necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth."

How must an understanding be got of this pagan religion? Originating in the way already shown, this corrupt theology cannot be thoroughly understood without the Holy Scriptures. Those various systems as formerly existing in Chaldea, Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome, as now existing in India, have all a likeness, showing that they sprung from a common source, and hardly differing more than the races of men descended

from the two exiles of Eden. The curious mind, anxious for a knowledge of the theological systems which affected so deeply the intellectual and political condition of the States of antiquity, is not satisfied with the literature and fictions of their mythology, however entertaining and beautiful, but seeks to know how those theories were formed, whence they sprung. Feeling those fables have been woven by the imagination, he is aware the imagination cannot originate new forms or beings, can do nothing more than bring into new combinations ideas already acquired, and hence must have had some materials wherewith to start and on which to work. That gorgeous mass of absurdity, error, and death, was for ages accumulating and taking its present form; the starting point was the time when our race apostatized from God, and began to form for themselves a religion. This period is known to us only through the Scriptures. They give, free from all error, from all drapery of fancy, pure, simple, and beautiful as a statue of Parian marble, the truths of religion from which man fell, and the facts connected with the personages whom the darkening mind of man first raised to the pedestal from which he had dethroned the true God. The classical student finds himself in a region of the dead, surrounded with wonders, with mysteries, and with beauties—with mythological personages named divinities, crowding around like mummies in the receptacles of Egypt's dead:—he feels these things, however strange their appearance as embalmed in numerous folds of allegory, were once living beings; he would be acquainted with their origin and history. All is darkness and confusion, until the Scriptures come and set before him those beings unwrapped, separated from all adhesion of error, in the simplicity of their original life. The hieroglyphics every where written on this pantheon, the Bible alone enables him to decipher. Like the regions to which Æneas was descending, where gloom and unearthly sights and sounds were commingled with fields of the blessed and the shades of the glorious dead, to the secrets of which this pious hero could not penetrate

without a bough broken from a sacred tree—the domains of pagan mythology are diversified realms of ignorance, terror, and death, wherein expand before the imagination scenes more beautiful than the Elysian fields, but not capable of being seen with satisfaction and safety without the mysterious branch which can be plucked only from a single sacred tree on earth, that tree the Sacred Scriptures. In this no less than every other exploration among the ruins of sin on earth, the divine word alone is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. In studying the idolatry of the world,

“Through many a dark and dreary vale
We pass, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimeras dire;”—

with the wise men of the east ending their wanderings with gold and frankincense offered at the feet of Jesus, in all these searches for truth the light of revelation is our guiding star.

The philosophy of mythology cannot be satisfactorily touched without the Scriptures. The food, the pabulum of the mind is truth. There is a pleasure in studying the pagan theology as a fact in the history of error; there is additional satisfaction and instruction in reaching the truth overlaid by this mass of error. With what anxiety had search been made for the age, the builders, the design of the pyramids. How eagerly was the stone studied and prized which gave the clew to the hieroglyphics of Egypt. He who would give himself to the study of those emblems, and throw away the knowledge furnished by the key, would be considered as wanting sound mind. Here is the remarkable structure of error which, under the name of paganism, has existed down to the present time over the largest portion of mankind—which is deeply interwoven with the politics and literature of the classic nations that have had such influence on the whole civilized world; and what shall be said of studying this system without applying the light thrown thereon by the Scriptures?

Man was formed for the glory of God by pursuing truth, keeping his ways, and, with enlightened love, enjoying what is beautiful in the works of the Creator. Before him was thrown open the universe with its realms of beauty, and truth expanding into what might be called immensity, adapted to the faculties then existing, and thereafter developing in the soul for receiving pleasure from the contemplation and showing forth Jehovah's praise. By sin, our race was cut off from these numberless springs of enjoyment, and confined to the gloom and error of this dark earth, our prison, with few rays of light and beauty, save the gleams occasionally caught through the bars of our dungeon. The living world of angels, spiritual beings, and material wonders, lies hid from view by walls impassible. Having sunk to this confinement, with all the faculties of our first creation, we have remaining in the soul the thirst for truth, and a thirst no less strong for what is beautiful. Reason feeds on truth; the imagination feeds on what is beautiful in truth, however variously expressed in the works of God. Had we never sinned—enjoying the freedom of the universe, privileged and welcomed every where, we would have gratified this power to the utmost by the boundless diversity of truth, beauty, and glory, shown in the manifestations of the Godhead. Cast down, however, from our first estate, with mind enfeebled, but faculties unchanged, in lack of aliment of which the soul has been deprived by sin, we grope amid the darkness of our prison in search of what is true and beautiful for satisfying the craving of these powers—a craving never ceasing, never satiated, the purest, strongest desire of our nature, lying as the main-spring of the machinery of our being, so intense as to receive with gladness the dreams of fancy, when the massive truths of God's substantial wisdom is withheld. What are the creations of poetry but efforts for satisfying these faculties with truth invested in beauty? Sin has shut us out from worlds of glory, and has stripped this world of much original splendour. Poetry, the fine arts, try to supply the want, to create new

worlds, to invest scenes, persons, doings here, with attractiveness and beauty greater than seen in nature.

When left for ages to grope around the walls of his prison, man lingered restless and unsatisfied with the creations of genius, with the deductions of philosophy, God made a new revelation in the person of his Son, and embodied in the Scriptures truths designed to prepare us for leaving this dungeon, and mingling freely with the worlds from which we are excluded. In heaven the soul will enjoy the same truths, save in greater richness, which were the joy of Eden, which are now the delight of the sanctified spirit. Here, in the word of God, are those truths from which the mind and imagination of man diverged in wandering into the wilderness of pagan error; here are the truths in a dawning state with which the soul will be delighted in the sinless heavens and earth of the future. Hence in the Scriptures does the heart exult to find in pure and heavenly substance, all that was ever dreamed of by sage and poet in the ages of Greece and Rome. Like the gorgeous scenes in those interesting dissolving views, their fictions have faded into a landscape filled with the reality of truths and visions belonging to another world.

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason:”

they have given place to the revelations of the Scriptures, and disappeared with the oracle of Apollo, that withdrew dumb on the coming of Jesus. Here, are found in fact what there existed only in fiction. Here are revealed the golden fruits of the Hesperides growing on the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God. Here are divulged in far off realms of a better world, islands of the blessed more lovely than the fabled bowers of Atlantis. Here, instead of the shadowy wood-nymphs, we are met by the dazzling hosts seen at Mahanaim, the innumerable company of angels. The dream

of an Apollo exiled from the skies, sojourning on earth in human form, is lost in the splendour of the Godhead dwelling in Him who wept on Olivet, who died on Calvary. Here we come to more than Delphi's shades, to the living oracles where the humblest soul, made a priest to God, has inspiration from the spirit of holiness, and drinks of purer than Castalian dews. Here is heard a harp transcending that of Orpheus, sweetly charming hearts petrified by sin, and drawing them entranced with holy affection around the footsteps of Jesus. The mind absorbed in the agonies of Prometheus Bound, finds the magnificent reality in Him, who, drawing from heaven the fires of the Holy Spirit for giving our race a new life and divine wisdom, was chained to the agonies of the cross and bore our sins in his own body on the tree. The prevalence of the mysteries in the religion of heathenism, shows the natural craving of the mind for something which those services sought, however poorly, to supply. Here, this want, like every other, is met by the revelation made to the soul of the mysteries of godliness, where the hierophant is the Holy Ghost, and the light breaking on us is not the gleam flashing through the gloom of the terrors seen at Eleusis, but the day-spring of the splendour sleeping on the heavenly hills. Hence did Eusebius say with truth, "The Hebrew nation alone enjoyed the privilege of the highest grade of initiation into the mysteries of the knowledge of God the Creator of all things, and of being instructed in the practice of true piety towards Him." And to our revelation from heaven may be applied the spirit of the words of the great tragic poet of Athens:

Happy is he whose reverential soul
 These greater mysteries unfolded sees,
 And through initiation fills his life
 With sacred services of piety.*

The full advantage springing from classical studies cannot be had without the Scriptures to ripen the views, and control the habits thus obtained. Therein is a verging towards truth which the wise men of the heathen sought, but never found.

* Euripides, Bac. 73.

What Plato vainly endeavoured to unfold to his disciples on the promontory of Sunium, was made known to mankind by the great Teacher, whose discourse was heard with wonder on the Mount of Beatitudes. The truths of Scripture are the new continent in the domains of knowledge which the philosophers of antiquity, less successful than Columbus, were never able to find. The word of God has put us in possession of that which the greatest minds sought fruitlessly for ages. He who would confine his attention to classical literature without an effort or wish for adding thereto the wealth derivable from the Scriptures, is injuring his own interests in a way more foolish than the Chinese, who prefer the intellectual and material products of the Celestial Empire as more valuable by themselves than when are added thereto the wealth and learning flowing from the commerce of the world. If the truths of revelation were not discovered by the mind without divine aid, how mistaken to think we can start where they stop and add to them new discoveries of truths. Unsettled by the intoxication of a false philosophy, too many lose sight of the real nature of revelation, and use its truths as starting points for the mind in new speculations. They use the Scriptures as the tree of life was used by Satan when perching him there, not for its fruits, but for a vantage-ground in obtaining a better view; they climb far as these truths will lift, as to the tops of promontories whence to take their flight, like Daedalus with his waxen wings, over unknown seas. Divine truth made alive by the fires of the Spirit, sobers and refines while enlivening literature. It is the element which is needed for bringing out fully the beauty and benefit from profane literature, the flower, the fruit, the full development of that which lies wrapped in its bud, in the writings of pagan antiquity. To these bounds the mind is permitted to go in metaphysical and moral investigations. Every attempt at discovery beyond what is here revealed, by effort of philosophy, falsely so called, ends in airy nothings, or in finding realms as valueless as the Antarctic continent. The corrective of the pride of intellect showing itself in foolish

speculations, is the study of classical literature in union with the study of the Scriptures by head and heart combined. A mind thus trained, made steady and clarified by heavenly truth penetrating all our powers, not like the beams of the wintry sun on aicicles, but like the warmth of summer striking deep to the roots of vegetable life, can never be taken captive by transcendental imaginings, fine theories spun from the brain and thrown out to float in society an intellectual gossamer as flimsy as the threads across our path on an autumnal morning.

Flushed with vanity and the desire of novelty, the mind will dash into the skies and airy regions where such gross things as solid truth are unknown;—where clouds, and mists, and dimness, and all shadowy things are floating like Ossian's ghosts upon the wind, equally intangible and unsubstantial. When acting on the heart as well as mind, the Scriptures sober reason; and imparting a spirit of enterprise without rashness, make us sensible of the bounds to which genius using with skill the shades of language, may advance in refining the beautiful and investing it with attractive lines. The mind of Milton stored with learning drawn from sacred no less than classical studies, furnishes illustrations hereon in its magnificent creations of statues, and groups, and landscapes of solid literary gold. But unmindful of its just strength, unsteadied by the inspiration drawn from those living oracles, the mind tries to spin out theories for beautifying beauty, for sublimating thoughts more and more highly, till they pass off in gases which no eye can see, no receiver hold. Like a residuum, words are remaining in elemental shape, but are only used by fancy for exhaling sightless things which no alchemy can condense and make noticeable by the senses; spirits distilled from words the native strength of which has been destroyed by fermentation, empty ghosts of soulless epithets, the gaseous fumes of shadows, which are gravely set out in highly wrought jars and labelled by the inventor's hand—Wisdom etherealized—Quintessence of fancy—Proto-sublimate of thought. This wisdom claiming to transcend all other, even the wisdom of God, may, with the tem-

per of the king of Babylon prostituting the golden vessels of the sanctuary, use sacrilegiously the truths of Scripture, and look with contemptuous self-complacency on those feeling honour and safety in resting on the rock of revelation; yet on its forehead the boding hand seen by Belshazzar has written with the pen of inspiration, "Philosophy and vain deceit."

In considering the value of classical studies to the Christian and the minister, we shall dwell on their importance no further than as seen in a theological point of view. There are persons who think the time well nigh thrown away which is given to these pursuits, deeming nothing valuable to a preacher which does not bear directly on the forming of an exhortation or the delivery of a sermon. The need of habits of discrimination, reasoning, and correct logical thinking; of using precise, pure, and persuasive language no one can pretend to gainsay. But whence must come the ideas, the materials to be worked up in this logical process and imbedded in this convincing language? The fountain that beautifies a landscape and feeds the life of persons and things with its waters, is the mere outburst of unseen streams converging to that point from different quarters under ground and fed from many sources; the tree refreshing with its shade and sustaining by its fruits, spreads abroad its roots and supplies the boughs from which the fruit is gathered, with nourishment from sources unnoticed and unheeded. How foolish to pretend that in either case nothing is important but what is seen, the outbursting waters, the ripened fruit, to the exclusion of all those hidden springs without which there could be no gushing fountain, no fruit-laden boughs. The mouth of the righteous man is a well of life; the words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook; he whose delight is in the law of the Lord, shall be as a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. The instructions of the preacher of the gospel, must be the concentrating and outpouring of wisdom drawn through the channels of various studies pursued apart from the eye of the

world; and the man who opens into his soul most of these channels will be, in the fullest sense, in the garden of the Lord, "a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon." Not only must the dew of the Holy Spirit rest on his branch, his root must be spread out by the waters of varied learning: then will he find his glory fresh in him and his bow renewed in his hand; then will men give ear and wait for him as the rain, and open their mouths wide as for the latter rain. The prince of orators teaches that the eloquence of an orator should be a precious extract elaborated by the mind, from a combination as far as possible of all kinds of learning; and the greater the compass of his knowledge, the more animating and vigorous his powers of persuasion. Much more is this true of him whose duty is to plead with men for their salvation. Paul, Augustine, Chrysostom, and Chalmers were men whose pleadings for Christ laid all things under contribution. Their public ministrations have become the admiration of the world, have been thus blessed, because they sowed beside all waters. To the well instructed ambassador of Christ a knowledge of the theological schemes of paganism must ever be essential for many reasons.

Without this, we cannot understand the evil from which the Christian religion was intended to deliver the world. What is the system which is held, preached, loved by us, which is called Christianity? A system of doctrine for regulating our conduct, and effecting our deliverance from sin. But is it confined to individuals? Has it not been intended for the redemption of the world? It is the constitution of the kingdom set up by God in opposition to the kingdom of darkness, for bringing all nations into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It contemplates man, not isolated, but as the member of a great community now lying in guilt, from which is to be drawn by sanctification the host who shall through eternity inhabit the city of the living God. We meditate on the condition hereafter awaiting the Church, as one of holiness, as heaven. But what is the state from which the Church is delivered? That is seen in the world

under the effects of sin. How can we, therefore, know from what the Church has been redeemed, without acquaintance with mankind, not as they are in Christendom, where so many counteracting influences repress guilt, but as they appear in pagan countries, where every restraint is removed and sin brings forth fruit with more than tropical luxuriance. In classical literature is given a picture of the state of the world in the most cultivated nations at the time of Christ. Herein is laid open the philosophy, the history, the poetry, the morality, the worship of mankind, under the best aspect, at the juncture when God sent forth his Son.

Equally necessary is the information thus derived for showing how deeply mankind needed a divine revelation. This is an essential point in the argument on the evidences of Christianity. Paganism is revealed in the classic authors in its best development and most attractive attire, yet withal in the greatest moral deformity. As an exhibition of the stage at which man had arrived in his unaided efforts after a religion, it shows the hopelessness of human attempts to abate the tide of evils let in by sin on our fallen world. Therein the teachings and practices of the gospel are seen in advance of the condition of the world; and the point is laid open to which the mind had been able to rise in philosophy and religion without the aid of revelation.

Idolatry is the besetting sin of mankind. Far from being an outcast from Christian lands, it dwells here under another guise—casting aside the grossness of the garb worn among the heathen, and assuming one less repulsive by being modified and adapted to the habits of those with whom it sojourns. As idolatry sprung from the corruptions of human nature, and was the caricature first of Patriarchism, afterwards of Judaism, we must expect that under Christianity there would be the same unhallowed propensities of the heart at work, and there would arise a form of idolatry exhibiting a combination of Christianity with pagan errors, that in this would appear the operation of the old propensity for worshipping ancestors

and benefactors. Is this not so? Whence came the worship of the mother of Christ?—the worship of men canonized, the demons of Christian idolatry? How can the ministry be safely ignorant of the perfect form of that error which has ever been the besetting sin of the Jewish and the Christian Church? This is a vital point in theology, to be guarded by the sentinels of Zion with sleepless care. It is in the Church, in our struggle with the powers of darkness, what military men would call the key of our position. Hence, when the enemy was able to enter the camp of the saints, and seizing this point, intrench himself on the hills of Papal Rome, what havoc did he make of the Church; and what vigour is he able even yet to infuse into his attacks on spiritual religion. The struggle of grace in the heart is a continual struggle with this idolatrous tendency. Thus in the Church—thus in the world. How soon after Christ began the germination of the principles afterwards ripened into the Church of Rome; and how strong the tendency even yet in that direction. Idolatry is the religion of man as fallen. Christianity is the corrective, the antagonist power. It was introduced as the enemy of sin with its religion, idolatry. On every point, the two are irreconcilable. Between them there can be no fellowship: Christ is the head of the one; Belial the head of the other. Between these antagonist kingdoms, there is, and ever must be, a deadly struggle in every heart, no less than in the world.

Now, to neglect a knowledge of pagan idolatry, is for the soldier of Christ to disregard his adversary, and the arms, the tactics needed for success in the conflict. Napoleon said that nothing is to be neglected in war. The one thing overlooked may be the one thing needful for victory. Foreign missionaries have been made sensible of the importance of acquaintance with this subject. Henry Martyn found subtle adversaries in the Mohammedans; and the priests of paganism, however absurd their system to us, have artifice in its defence, and must be put to silence, not by contempt or ridicule, but by lawful argument and conclusive reasoning. The portraiture of

Rhesus by Euripides is true to nature. Coming to the Trojan camp, unacquainted with the enemy, he thought of nothing but victory; was ready to censure the delay in ending the war; and boasted how he would punish the audacious foe; yet, before the morrow's dawn, that enemy had been his destruction. Thus in defending the strong holds of the Church, in contending for the truth, those who feel there is no danger, who despise their antagonist, who neglect the exercises and armour needed for keeping in constant preparation for the foe, may be to the cause they love the most dangerous enemies.

There have been attacks made on Christianity, which cannot be resisted without a knowledge of pagan idolatry. It has been boldly maintained by array of learning and argument, that the institutions of Judaism were borrowed by Moses to a great extent from the Egyptians. If this be so, two results follow: Many important features of Christianity having come from Judaism, which is alleged to have borrowed from paganism, the Christian system is one not of pure revelation, but derived partly from the corrupt imaginings of man. Again, if Judaism borrowed from paganism, Christianity may do the same; and hence any ceremonies brought into the Church from the same source, are perfectly unexceptionable. This would unsettle our whole ground of confidence; for who will tell what has been thus borrowed, what not. Some of its most important truths and observances may have been thus derived; and how, therefore, can we know that by following this system we may please God. This is no unimportant question. It lies at the root of our faith. A proper acquaintance with pagan idolatry, shows the fallacy of this claim, demonstrates the dependence of paganism on revelation, and destroys at once all necessity for such volumes as those of Witsius and Spencer.

The history of error is interesting and important. This makes us acquainted with the phenomena of the intellectual and moral world, and furnishes the facts on which to build a sound philosophy. Profane history, including particularly idolatrous religions, is part of the history of the Church, not

the less truly because not generally so considered. The record of the different sects broken off from the true faith is every where thus viewed; yet the various divisions of paganism are sects that have separated from the people of God at a period more remote and are further gone in error. The difference between them and other errorists, is their retaining less of the truth, and having this trifle almost lost by transfusion in a greater mass of corruption. They show religious error in a state of more advanced development and maturity. The history of the nature and progress of idolatry in its principles and practices, in its views of God, and in the effect of those views on man, is one of the most important disclosures made and making in this world, and of absorbing interest to beings of an unfallen condition and higher sphere. In other worlds, themselves at present and ourselves hereafter may see more glorious displays of the laws of nature; but in no other world perhaps can they study the nature of sin as shown in the mournful facts here developed by the fall, and see the importance of observing rigidly the moral laws established for controlling the spiritual creation. And after these ravages of sin have been suppressed, the history of the workings of sin on earth will ever be read with the deepest interest and instruction by the inmates of heaven. With an interest infinitely surpassing that with which we listen to a person who has come safe through a dreadful pestilence, a momentous battle, a bloody revolution, will unfallen beings love to gather around the redeemed, and learn what they have here known, seen, felt of the revolting character of sin. In this view it matters not that so much of classical literature is fiction. Those very fictions are facts developed by the working of error in the human mind. And "the tale of Troy divine," even though unreal, a poetic fiction, is nevertheless a true picture of a condition of mankind in that heroic age. Fiction may embody and present principles with as much power and reality as can be done by facts. The statements of classic poetry may be unreal, yet the condition therein portrayed of human society

and of the heart of man in apostacy from God, is rigidly true; for a fundamental principle of the poet was to copy nature. In that view the poetry, tragedies, comedies, satires, philosophy, mythology, every fragment of pagan antiquity becomes valuable and precious as materials for the history of the depravity of the mind broken loose from the restraints imposed by the true knowledge of God. Were it not for the little got on this subject in their collegiate course, how many would be perfectly ignorant of the state of man without religion, and of the condition to which loss of the Scriptures would reduce even the most enlightened community. The wisdom clearly seen in all the arrangements of creation, seems to have ordained that the studies necessary for training the intellectual powers should be so blended with the heathen religions, that a good Christian education cannot be got without learning the condition of error, immorality, and abomination into which a departure from revealed truth inevitably leads.

Moreover, acquaintance with heathenism is necessary for understanding the nature of the foundation on which Christianity rests. Man is prompted and bound by duty to look into the laws and arrangements of God in the scheme of redemption, no less than in creation. Through sin, limits have been set on every side to our knowledge; yet while giving us facts and truths in revelation, God left something to be done by us in following out those truths so far as sober reason, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, may lead. A disposition to clear away as far as possible the rubbish around the tower of salvation and look into the character of its foundation, is a different thing from the pride which would bring revelation to the test of reason. The Christian system has not been the growth of an age. Its corner-stone was laid in the first promise at the gate of Eden; the foundation was carried up during the Patriarchal and Levitical dispensations; the finish was put to the structure when among men appeared the Son of God. Days and months of labour were required for rearing the lofty pillar to the memory of Washington in Baltimore,

that the whole might be crowned with the statue on its summit: Christ is to the structure of revelation, what that statue is to the monument; and while without him revelation would be without its essential crown, the intelligent admirer and lover of Jesus will delight to scan the whole fabric and examine reverently the massive foundation on which rests this glorious manifestation of God in the person of his Son.

But this foundation was laid amidst heathen idolatry. A beginning had been made, but the work seemed at a stand, and almost obscured, when a new start was given by the calling of Abraham, and the structure was carried on surrounded by the abominations of Egypt. The New Testament is founded on the Old, and cannot be understood without a knowledge of the latter. Nor can a thorough acquaintance be had with the Old Testament without an exploration of the soil in which its basis was laid, the religious systems, the idolatry of this apostate world. The kind of foundation laid for any edifice must depend on the character of the position, and be different in different places. Thus the genius of the Mosaic economy cannot be fully understood without viewing it in connection with the surrounding idolatry. Egypt was then the best representative of heathenism, powerful in wealth, in arms, in civilization, and in refinement of its false religion. There, was the kingdom of God as an organized community, brought for the first time into collision with the kingdom of darkness, and the conflict begun which shall close only with the end of the world. Not without being studied in connexion with the idolatry then and thereafter girdling them, can the reasons for many things embodied in the Jewish ritual be properly comprehended.

The same is true concerning the structure of Christianity. Its foundation in the Mosaic economy and its perfection in the gospel were both built, like the second temple, in the midst of enemies, where it was necessary to work with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other. Both came into action opposed to the most powerful combinations of idola-

try ever existing, those of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome. These must be known for understanding and appreciating the character of the Christian religion. The wisdom and genius shown in the Eddystone light-house cannot be known without viewing the element amid which it is placed and the fury of the surges it has to withstand. The Church "the pillar and ground of the truth," towers amid the flood of ungodliness bursting over the world, its foundation on the Rock of ages, on its top burning the undecaying light of divine truth for guiding and saving from destruction the tempest-beaten souls of our wrecked and benighted race. The wisdom of its structure and the strength by which it has withstood so many fearful commotions, such terrific storms, cannot be known without studying the elements amid which it stands and with which it was formed to contend.

To the Christian, especially him who is entrusted with the defence and exposition of the truth, there is, therefore, necessity for acquaintance with pagan idolatry. So important has this been deemed by God, that he has so arranged things in his providence, as to make it impossible for us to study the models given by him of intellectual excellence and pass through the discipline of a thorough education, without getting some knowledge of this subject. The divorcing of classical studies from the study of the Scriptures is neither desirable nor possible. Like Egypt, Sabæa, Lebanon, and Tyre furnishing materials and gold for God's house as set up in the wilderness and afterwards established on Mount Moriah, in whose inmost shrine were hid the tables of the written law—profane literature, uninspired learning, science, pagan idolatry, must be laid under contribution in rearing the fabric of a finished Christian education, and all these materials be built into a structure wherein the truths of the Scriptures must be enshrined.

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF EASTON, PA.,

ON THE DAY OF

THE ANNUAL THANKSGIVING,

November 27, 1851.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BURROWES,

PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CONGREGATION.

EASTON, PENN'A:

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DISCOURSE.

DEUT. 8: 10.—*When thou hast eaten and art full, then shalt thou bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.*

As we come together in the house of God, this morning, we have reason to “enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise, be thankful unto Him and bless His name.” The changes of another year have passed over us; the beauties of spring, the attractive scenes of summer, the mellow hues of fruitful autumn have given place to each other in succession and to the cheerless landscape of winter; while amid this general decay and desolation in nature, our blessings and enjoyments have stood unchanged. How few of our mercies have been withdrawn; how many good gifts of a kind Providence are still clustering around our way. True, there are hopes which have not been realized, anticipations that have failed; there are firesides at which some well loved presence of former gatherings will not be found; there are sorrows which have thrown their gloom on the heart; but as individuals and as a community we still find the cup of our blessings running over and the good Shepherd yet leading us beside the still waters of the purest earthly enjoyments in the green pastures of this goodly land of freedom’s home. The lines have indeed fallen unto us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage. With our land we are satisfied. We have no craving for a better country; we know there is on earth no better country. We feel that ours is truly a land of promise; that our eyes see, and our ears hear, and our hearts feel what the great and good, the martyrs in the cause of human rights, have desired but never been permitted to behold. In the midst of this profusion of blessings, let us then give heed to the admonition, “When thou hast eaten and art full, then shalt thou bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.”

But what makes this so good a land? so rich, so happy, so desirable a country? Is it the extent and character of the regions embraced within the limits owning our laws? Our territory and our institutions surpass those of the boasted republics of antiquity. Attica, from which spread abroad the Athenian power, was a promontory by no means fertile; little more than fifty miles in length; with an area of seven hundred square miles and a population of five hundred and twenty thousand, of whom four hundred thousand were

slaves. One-third of the grain consumed was imported. Their chief food was bread, meat, fish, cheese with some of the more common garden vegetables; these with wine, milk, and honey formed nearly the whole range of their diet. Tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, spices, spirits, beer, butter, rice, potatoes, oranges, tobacco, oats, and rye were not known nor cultivated in Greece or Italy.

The Roman empire contained about one million six hundred thousand square miles, while our territory is of an area double this extent. The city of Rome was in circuit about thirteen miles, with a population of two millions three hundred thousand, of whom nearly one million were slaves. As agriculture was much neglected in Italy, most of their grain was imported, and Egypt alone furnished annually in the time of Augustus nearly five millions of bushels, a sufficiency for only a third of the year. While immense wealth was possessed by a few, the lower classes of free citizens were supported in great measure by the largesses of the emperor; the law of debtor and creditor was so severe as to give their Shylocks, under certain circumstances, literally the pound of flesh; there were but four thousand persons worth more than fifteen thousand dollars; and only two cities that could furnish five hundred citizens passing that sum. Their common schools, where the mass of the people got their whole education, taught nothing besides reading and arithmetic; they were without newspapers, without post-offices, without public lines of travel; and such was the state of things, that with all the show of power, the destruction of the legions under Varus in Germany though numbering only fourteen thousand infantry, shook the empire to the centre, filled the imperial city with terror, and drove the emperor to distraction. The navy of the United States could annihilate all the fleets ever possessed by these ancient republics.

In contrast with them, how superior are the endowments of this country on all points affecting the true power and glory of nations. Stretching along the Atlantic sea-board through more than twenty degrees of latitude, our territory expands westward to the Pacific ocean nearly four thousand miles, embracing variety unparelled of climate, resources, scenery and soil; on our northern border are the hardy animals of colder latitudes; on our southern boundaries cluster the riches of tropical climes; between these are the agricultural resources of temperate zones, inexhaustible mineral treasures, and tracts richer than the Indies in gold. Are these the gifts of a kind Providence which make this so desirable a country? Nay, he has given us nobler blessings than even these. Every intelligent patriot feels,—how invaluable soever these things, these are not our country. There are on earth, landscapes as beautiful, valleys as fertile, as balmy airs, and as sunny skies, where the unhappy millions are turning with breaking hearts, and broken spirits, and tearful eyes towards

this as the land of their hopes, their desires, their rest. While deeply thankful for all the natural advantages lavished in profusion on our territory, each one of us feels,—Our institutions these, these are my country. Their institutions it was that gave the glory to Greece, to Rome, to Palestine; these are now the glory of England; these are in our own country the centre of the affections of every true American heart.

These institutions are no ephemeral shoot; they are the growth of ages.—Every thing great and valuable takes time to mature; and principles like those of our own government, which have attained their power by a gradual development running through generations, may give well grounded hope of withstanding threatening dangers and prolonging their influence far into the future for blessings to millions yet unborn. The survey which reveals the origin and excellence of our institutions, opens at the same time in the heart a reasonable and unfaltering assurance of the stability and perpetuity of our Union. The constitution and confederation of these states has a far earlier origin than the date of the stamp-act or the battle of Lexington. How much time and labor were spent in the forests of Lebanon and in the quarries of Pentelicus in preparing the materials for the temple of Solomon and the Parthenon: thus this glorious fabric of civil and religious liberty had been in progress for ages before it rose on the view of the world, like the temple of Diana at Ephesus receiving contributions from various nations,—like the second temple of the Jews carried forward amid difficulties and discouragements, when the builders were often obliged to work with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other. All the foregoing changes and revolutions of the world have been made to bear on the foundation of the American republic. Its corner-stone is the word of God. This was laid when the scriptures were deposited on earth by the hands of God manifest in the flesh, while over it the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

At the Reformation the work took a fresh start. The struggle went forward in England for a long time before transferred to this continent. The contest was the same; the theatre of it was changed. The American Revolution was but the winding up of the conflict which had brought Charles I. to the scaffold. The battle was for civil and religious liberty; it was fought not for England and America alone, but for the benefit of mankind. Civil liberty cannot be kept from following in the tread of religious freedom. The Reformation was the setting free of the human mind and conscience. Hence these countries have made the greatest advances in true liberty, where the principles of the Reformation have operated with least hinderance. England had the honor of being chosen by Providence as the citidel of the reformed faith and refuge of His persecuted saints from all parts of Europe. When the govern-

ments of France and Spain formed with the countenance of the Pope the famous Catholic League for exterminating Protestantism, unsatisfied by the atrocities inflicted on the saints caught before escaping from their country, these tyrants were at great trouble and expense for arresting them in their retreats among foreign nations. Afraid to make these attempts on the free soil of England, these rulers demanded that their Protestant exiles should be delivered up as criminals escaped from justice. To the honor of England those demands were refused. Great offence was thereby given; and this was one of the reasons alleged in the papal bull for excommunicating Elizabeth. With chagrin deepened by disappointed vengeance and in fulfilment of the vow devoting his life to the extirpation of heresy, the king of Spain determined to subdue England, and for this purpose prepared the great Armada. France too was drunk with the blood of the saints on other occasions than St. Bartholomew's. These different countries were thereafter to be rewarded, —the one for giving more than a cup of cold water to disciples of Jesus, the other for shedding without stint or mercy the blood of the suffering followers of Christ. Had they come from the lips of a prophet the words of John Knox could not have more perfectly foreboded the truth, when on hearing of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, in a sermon shortly before his death, he desired the French ambassador to tell his master that sentence was pronounced against him in heaven, that the Divine vengeance would never depart from his house, and none proceeding from his loins should enjoy his kingdom in peace, unless repentance prevented the Divine judgments. Here is found the key to the different and remarkable dealings of God with those nations since that period. During the wars of the French Revolution, no countries suffered more than France and Spain, none suffered less than England. While they were bleeding at every pore, England enjoyed a remarkable protection. The sons of the sires who had destroyed the Spanish Armada, annihilated the combined navies of France and Spain at Aboukir and Trafalgar. The only country in Europe on which the armies of revolutionary France did not set foot was England; the only important capital they did not enter was London. Egypt was taken from them by capitulation to the English. The first fortresses wrested from the empire of Napoleon, were Ciudad, Rodrigo and Badajoz, stormed by the English. The first overthrow of the imperial armies in a fair field, was by Wellington at Salamanca. The soil of that France which had been the terror of Europe, was first invaded by Wellington advancing from the Pyrenees. The army which put an end to that war of five and twenty years, by crushing the power of Napoleon, was the English army at Waterloo. On no one thing was the heart of the French emperor more anxiously set than on humbling England; yet he was not able to inflict a single

great overthrow on Britain during the whole of the conflict, and at its close had the humiliation of seeing his capital occupied by her army, himself a captive in her hands, and France owing at some future day to her magnanimity the possession of his idolized remains. This remarkable protection was extended to England because she had been the depository of those principles of Protestantism and liberty which having been there first nurtured, were transplanted to receive their full development in this western world. France and Spain were ahead of her in laying the foundation of empire in Canada, Florida, Louisiana, and Mexico, as well as in the East Indies; but of all these they have been deprived by a race inheriting the blood of Britain, and carrying with them her Protestant religion and better laws. After the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, a remnant of his Old Guard numbering about two hundred men, formed a military colony in Texas for eventually revolutionizing and subjugating Mexico. Providence, however, frowned on the enterprise and soon dispersed them, reserving for our countrymen the honor of overspreading the same territory thirty years later with republican institutions, and of dictating peace in the Mexican capital. The same Providence which watched over those principles with such care in Britain, from the Armada down to Waterloo, has guarded them with equal care on our own soil; and has thus given us from the past, an assurance of Divine protection for the future. By England, we mean the people of the three divisions of the United Kingdom; a Protestant Irishman was the leader of her Protestant armies to victory; the Scotch and Irish regiments never faltered in the hour of danger; and in the fiercest of the conflict at Waterloo, the swords of the Life Guards blazed not farther in advance than those of the Inniskillens and Scotch Greys.

The principles of liberty thus protected by Providence in England and developing gradually amid the conflicts of her civil commotions, her parliaments, and her courts of law, grew with fresh vigor when transferred to this soil, and soon ripened into our present glorious government. To this, all foregoing ages and revolutions have been made to contribute;—Judea her inspired wisdom and outline features of a model republic; Greece her elegant literature; Rome her civilization and laws; England her free institutions; Christianity its conservative and controlling power. Like the celebrated Corinthian brass reputed as formed from a fusion of various metals and thereby making a compound more precious than even gold,—the fusion of these principles thus drawn from all times and ages, has produced a fabric of civil government better adapted to the wants of the world at large, more precious, than even the civil polity of the Jewish theocracy.

We thus see our institutions are founded on the scriptures and religious

principle. The Christian religion first taught the world sympathy with the masses. Unlike the religion, the philosophy, and the legislation of antiquity, which were for the initiated, the noble few,—this is fitted for meeting the wants of the down-trodden and neglected multitude who have been too generally governed as though made for the ambition of those in power. Christianity is in its nature essentially democratic. It teaches that “all men were created free and equal;” and proclaimed from the first in the midst of proud philosophic Athens, “God that made the world hath made of one blood all nations of men.” Acts, 17: 26. Says Tholuck, “The cultivated heathen were offended at Christianity precisely for this reason, that the higher classes could no longer have precedence of the common people;” the testimony of Montesquieu is, “Christianity is a stranger to despotic power;” and in the words of De Tocqueville, “The religion which declares that all are equal in the sight of God, will not refuse to acknowledge that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law. Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and all its conflicts, the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claims.” “Christianity,” says De Witt Clinton, “is in its essence, its doctrines, and its forms republican.” It is adapted to the comprehension of the people; to make the people happy, and to make them happy, not by making them slaves, but by bettering their condition and making them free. It is as precisely adapted to undermine and destroy tyranny as light is fitted to displace darkness; and in the same way, not by overthrowing despotism as Sodom was destroyed by a tempest of fire from heaven, but by rising on their deeds of darkness like the morning dawn imperceptibly leavening the whole heaven with its glow and going on brightening unto the perfect day. It began among the poor. Its author was one of the common people. Among these was he popular; not many wise men, not many mighty, not many noble believed on him. It was the common people who heard him gladly. Mark, 12: 37. In announcing his commission, he said, “Jehovah hath annointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor:” and as proof of the divinity of his mission, he appealed to the fact that not only were the dead raised, but the poor had the gospel preached to them. Matt. 11: 5. It is adapted to make the common people capable of governing themselves. A republican form of government is undesirable for a degraded and vicious population; for a people possessing due intelligence and moral principle, it is the best possible. Christianity makes men able to rule themselves by substituting instead of the terror of standing armies an enlightened intellect and conscience, with the fear of God.

By men influenced with this fear was our country originally settled and the fundamental principles of our government laid. They came to these shores for enjoying the religious freedom which the Reformation taught was their

right, but which they were made to feel could not be found in Europe. Hither they fled, not in search of gold, not through ambition of conquest or of founding an empire, but for seeking an asylum for the undisturbed worship of God. Still does the unchangable King of nations act on the principle, "Them that honor me, I will honor." 2 Sam. 2: 30. To them was that principle applied. Aiming only at the honor of God by a spiritual worship and service, he conferred on them the honor of being the founders of this home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed. How different the asylum they here opened, from the asylum opened by Romulus. The latter was for screening the vicious and desperate from the just penalty of their crimes; the former was for sheltering from persecution for conscience sake those of whom the world was not worthy. Here was collected, instead of a band of outlaws, the best blood of Britain and France, in the outcast Huguenots and Puritans. Pure religion was the pillar of fire and cloud,—unseen indeed to the eye of sense but brightly visible to their eye of faith,—which went before them in their passage through the sea and into the wilderness. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, by the free act of the soul without subjection to the rule of an ecclesiastical noble, was the basis of their religion; and that religion was the corner-stone of their civil polity.

The advances of countries in liberty have been in proportion to the prevalence of the Bible and the influence of the Bible among the masses. We speak not of countries nominally christian: they may be so without being under the power of the scriptures. And of all tyrannies that is the worst which throws out from the christian system everything not subserving its enslaving aim, and putting what remains, in alliance with human policy, subjects the man to a despotism which clutches with a deadly grip his conscience. Not christian countries but Bible countries are and ever must be free. For this reason was Judea far, very far ahead of the nations of antiquity in freedom; and the only two free governments on earth at the present time are the United States and England, where the population is something more than merely overshadowed by the name of christianity,—where they are leavened by an influence from the word of God carried into almost every family, enforced from innumerable pulpits, and brought home with effective power to multitudes of hearts by the Holy Spirit. Those hearts are the hope, the salvation of our country. The light of the world, the salt of the earth, they are equally the centres from which are diffused the influences for counteracting the darkness and corruption under which, like all other republics, ours must fall. Not on the noisy, bustling politician, not on the man with protestations of patriotism continually on his lips but with ambition and office in his heart, not on those whose devotion to politics absorbs all other feelings, and who would

with sincerity of heart, though with mistaken judgment, substitute a licentious socialism for the living purity of religion;—not on these, but on the unobtrusive friends of Jesus Christ, those who have taken up and are perpetuating in our midst the principles of the Puritans, the distributors of Bibles and tracts, the colporteurs, the sabbath-school teachers, the christian congregations, the pulpits of our land,—on these rest the hopes for the perpetuity of our institutions and empire. Their influence is not the less effective, not the less felt, because unassuming and unnoticed.

“Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows. The proud world
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes
He serves his country; recompenses well
The state beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted place,
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen.
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he can boast what few that win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill.
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.”

Moreover, let us reflect that our institutions have been founded by good men and bought with precious blood.

“None

But such as are good men can give good things.”

The recollection of the virtues, sacrifices, and sufferings of those who bled in our cause, feeds and keeps pure the flame of patriotic feeling; and when these cease to be cherished, devotion to our country will decline and our national glory perish. In dwelling on their deeds, we have not the pain of seeing the men base while the exploits are striking; we view with admiration noble ends attained by noble means and by noble spirits. There is to every generous heart pleasure in acknowledging an obligation; and the depth of the pleasure will be in proportion to the greatness of the benefit conferred. Who does not feel happy in thinking of the men of our Revolution and acknowledging their worth? There is in this a three fold satisfaction,—the pleasure just noticed, that which springs from surveying the excellence of moral sublimity, and that arising from the knowledge that both these are combined in those whom we call ours. The men of '76 are as superior to those of other ages as are their principles and institutions. They were men actuated not by ambi-

tion, not by pride, not by passion, but by principle. Notwithstanding their many grievances,—compared with the oppressed multitudes then in France, they enjoyed a kind and lenient rule from the mother country. The tax which roused them to resistance was a trifling matter; it was against the principle therein involved, that they took up arms. Hence throughout the struggle the absence of treachery, fanaticism, and criminal ambition. Among them was found but a single traitor. The great names of antiquity grow dim under the superior lustre of the presence of these worthies. Miltiades the conqueror of Marathon, Themistocles the hero of Salamis, Pausanias who led the Grecian host at Plataea,—these were patriots after the type of Benedict Arnold. Among the actors of the French Revolution, among the marshals of the Empire, there was hardly a man possessing anything deserving the name of principle, except Maedonald; and this he owed to his Scotch blood.

While others rouse the public mind by appealing to the love of glory, there is present in the Anglo-Saxon race a predominating sense of duty. Wordsworth's noble ode to duty is the expression in fitting poetry, of a national characteristic. The heart of the French soldier might be stirred by the appeal of Napoleon to the forty centuries beholding from the tops of the Pyramids their actions; nothing could be better fitted to inflame the enthusiasm of those sprung from the same stock with ourselves, than the last memorable signal of Nelson,—England expects every man to do his duty. The patriots of the Revolution had the same blood in their veins; and from the time the sword was drawn till it was returned to the scabbard in triumph, through adverse and prosperous fortune, in hours of brightness and gloom, they never swerved from their principles, never forgot that posterity, that the world, that future ages were with anxious interest expecting them to do their duty. How nobly that duty was done, we are allowed this day to see and feel. With them, self held a secondary place. It was the expression not of the sentiments of an individual, but of the feelings of the army, of the time, when a patriot raised from the field where he had fallen, said, "I die as I have always wished to die, the death of a soldier contending for the rights of man." There was never such an army, such a corps of officers as those associated with Washington. Doubtless there have been men as brave. The bald quality of courage is, however, a very common endowment among men, and found nowhere in greater perfection than in bosoms where every virtuous and generous feeling has been petrified. In their excellence, bravery was a secondary ingredient. It was bravery amid such a glorious cluster of moral qualities, that constituted their worth.

Was I right in saying there never was such an army and with such officers? Nay, history tells of one, the army of Cromwell. The two were armies of

different ages indeed and countries, but belonging to the same great cause. They fought for the same principles, only at different periods of the same revolution. The American Revolution was the closing scene of the struggle which was in progress in England two centuries ago. Never had a cause such advocates, defenders, and leaders, whether in Parliament or Congress, in command or in the ranks, in the cabinet or in the field. To John Milton was committed the sacred trust of pleading this cause in the presence of Europe and of posterity. And nobly has the trust been fulfilled. To this task, then so unpopular, this venerable man hoary with pious virtues and overshadowed with a halo of literary fame pure as that gathered over the shepherds of Bethlehem, brought a genius great in native vigor as that of Homer, but laden with intellectual riches Homer never knew. With arguments grand and faultless as his own magnificent prose, has he placed beyond all controversy the right of the people to call to account tyrant kings, the liberty of the press, and other points now universally received as axioms of freedom. Hampden, a man "to whom the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone," was the parliamentary leader of this movement. Its soldiers were Cromwell and Washington,—that Cromwell over whose memory political hatred and kingly debauchees threw so black a veil, but to whose fame posterity is now beginning to do full though tardy justice,—the only man who ever retained amid the same political power so pure and fervent a piety,—the man "without whom liberty would have been lost not only to England but to Europe."*

A like spirit actuated the leaders, the deliberative assemblies, and the people in both contests. The words of Milton concerning his own country at that crisis, might be considered a description of our own: "What nation or state ever obtained liberty by more successful or more valorous exertion? For fortitude is seen resplendent, not only in the field of battle and amid the clash of arms, but displays its energy under every difficulty and against every assailant. During the mighty struggle, no anarchy, no licentiousness was seen; no illusions of glory, no extravagant emulation of the ancients inflamed them with a thirst for ideal liberty; but the rectitude of their lives and the sobriety of their habits taught them the only true and safe road to real liberty; and they took up arms only to defend the sanctity of the laws and the rights of conscience. Relying on the divine assistance, they used every honorable exertion to break the yoke of slavery." The scene is sublime when this blind old man having with the power of his logic, his burning thoughts and glowing words completely crushed his antagonists and thereby scattered forever the spell hanging around the name of king, looks forward to coming ages with

*Merle D'Aubigne.

the eye of a prophet, and exclaims, "Surrounded by congregated multitudes, I now imagine that I behold the nations of the earth recovering that liberty which they so long had lost: and that the people of this island are transplanting to other countries a plant of more beneficial qualities and more noble growth than that which Triptolemus is reported to have carried from region to region; that they are disseminating the blessings of civilization and freedom among cities, kingdoms, and nations." In closing this second defence of the people of England, he says, "If after such a display of courage and vigor, you basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves, posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct. They will see that the foundations were well laid; but with deep emotions of concern will they regret, that those were wanting who might have completed the structure." Those were not wanting who might complete the structure. They were raised up in what was then this distant western wilderness. What had been so gloriously begun by Milton, Hampden, and Cromwell, was taken up and even more gloriously finished by Washington and his coepeers.

The name of Washington already belongs to the world. Among the constellations of illustrious characters of the past, he shines as the morning star amid the stars of heaven, and like this glorious light, the harbinger announcing that the day of freedom is breaking and the shadows of despotism are fleeing away. English toryism admits that "Modern history has not so spotless a character to commemorate, that it is the highest glory of England to have given birth, even amid transatlantic wilds, to such a man." His character approaches as near as human infirmity will admit, a perfect model of the great and good. It is like one of those finished pieces of statuary which would not at first strike the vulgar gaze so strongly as many a piece of meaner workmanship combining some fine strokes of art with many deformities. This appears most beautiful on a close examination and to a correct critical eye.

"One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired its nameless grace."

No observer however acute and fastidious can point out any defect in this development of human greatness. Where do we see grandeur so chastened by humility; patriotism, by self-renunciation; military fame, by humanity, and worldly glory, by piety. He was brave without rashness; firm without cruelty; patriotic without ambition; and pious without reproach. To depreciate the talents while admitting the goodness of Washington, does no injury save to the detractor. One of the greatest minds of England pronounces him "the greatest man of our own or of any age." Guizot says, "He did the two greatest things which in politics man can have the privilege of attempting,

He maintained by peace that independence of his country which he acquired by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by reestablishing their sway." No commander ever achieved so much for mankind with such slender means and so small an amount of human suffering. He was never at the head of hundreds of thousands of men, yet his military operations though on so limited a scale, compared with the campaigns of the old world, show nevertheless very great ability. "The statue of Hercules cast by Lysippus, though only a foot high, expressed the muscles and bones of the hero more grandly than the colossal figures of other artists."

His greatness appears no less in what he did not than in what he actually performed. Peace has its triumphs as well as war. No fields of battle can be invested with such grandeur as the two simple closing scenes of his military life. The parting of Napoleon with the relic of the old guard at Fontainebleau has more theatrical show but less sublimity, than the affecting farewell of Washington with his officers at Frances' hotel in New York, when amid tears from those who had never faltered in the darkest hours, and with his own emotions too strong for concealment, he said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." In keeping with this was the resigning of his commission to Congress, a scene grand in its simplicity, which as meeting us in the rotunda of the Capitol no American heart can contemplate without tears.

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no age or creed confined,
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

What though in our country we have no work like the Parthenon, and the statue of Minerva or of Jupiter Olympius? We can take the stranger into a nobler fabric, the temple of constitutional freedom, and point him to the incarnation of more than the wisdom of Minerva, than the grandeur of the Olympian Jupiter—WASHINGTON. And those grouped around him as associates whether in the duties of civil or military life, present a bearing and elevation of character worthy of the majesty of the central figure in that glorious group. On every occasion like this, let those good men be held in affectionate remembrance. When an enemy in command of a British frigate moving up the Potomac to bombard our Capital during the last war, could, on passing Mount Vernon, lower his topsails in reverence for the illustrious dead;—let us with deep thankfulness to Heaven, turn aside with our children, and confirm our love of country while dropping a tear at his venerated grave.

Again,—let us remember these institutions and this territory have been given us in trust for the good of the world. Benefit confers obligation; and

the principle, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," is equally true of nations. After securing its own happiness, every nation is bound to advance, according to the dictates of wisdom and prudence, the general happiness of the world. Other empires have had their mission: the United States have been raised up for guarding and extending the blessings of liberty to the oppressed and enslaved of the world. Hence the extent of territory entrusted to us and the remarkable manner in which this territory was held in reserve by Providence till the fulness of time had come. As all men are not fit for republicanism,—instead of setting up this form of government amid the volcanic elements slumbering in the populations of Europe, to be overthrown as in France and become a derision to mankind,—God has reared a republic here by drawing hither the best blood of the old world who were capable of founding and giving it stability: this done, He seems to say to the down-trodden of every people and clime, Yonder may you find a refuge from tyranny and enjoy the most perfect freedom possible on earth. Whose heart does not warm at the thought that we have been able even now to welcome to our shores the Hungarian exiles, and send one of the finest models of a steam frigate to bring their leader in triumph from under the very batteries of European despotism, for receiving here more than a kingly welcome. No wonder that when he came on the deck over which floated the stripes and stars, and saw around him the batteries of the American navy manned by stout hearts and strong arms ready to defend freedom as personified in him her persecuted son, he should have paused with emotion and found utterance choked with tears.

Contrast this country as the asylum of liberty, with Russia as the champion of despotism, and think which holds the more enviable position. The ancients looked with interest for the rising of a constellation reputed to have the power of hushing the tempest and tranquilizing the sea: over the turbulent waves of popular commotion and the angry tide of tyranny, that constellation has arisen; it burns in our national stars which seem to have been given not without design for our emblem as the beacon of the world. On seeing those stars, many rejoice with exceeding great joy. Going up with a steady rise, they have yet dropped no one from their number. We have not the pain of searching there for some lost Pleiad; we see the beauty of the group steadily increased by new stars in succession breaking on the view. Our country is the cynosure of the oppressed of the world. And we feel assurance it will continue to go upward with a steady rise, not like those southern constellations a little while above the horizon, then going down in continued gloom; but like the pole star, never to set; or like the morning star, the forerunner of that dawn of coming glory to which prophecy has so long pointed, when

darkness, oppression, and tyranny shall find no shadow of death where to hide themselves, and the divine light of heavenly truth which has made us free, shall throw its rosy mantle over all lands, and people, and tongues. My country,

“I love thee,—when I see thee stand,
The hope of every other land;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime.
“I love thee,—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! thee I love;
And rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults, I love the still.”

Over the formation and development of these institutions, a kind providence has hitherto watched with guardian care. He who from heaven protected these things in the tender germ, amid the bloodshed of Europe, and when borne by the tempest to this unbroken wilderness;—who raised up such men in the hour of trial;—who interfered so manifestly, almost miraculously, in our struggle for independence; who guided our armies in the field and our representatives in their deliberations;—He is continuing to protect us, and during the past year, has shown his love by confirming amid threatening dangers the perpetuity of the union, and turning the counsels of its enemies into foolishness. That the integrity of the Union shall be threatened, must be expected; that all such efforts will be frustrated, the past gives us good reason to hope. Institutions which like these have been the growth of ages,—which have their basis on the truths taught in the scriptures,—which have been given in trust for the benefit of the world,—which have been so clearly guarded by a divine hand,—are not doomed to speedy overthrow or decay. Let the friends of the Union be true to their charge and to heaven, and all will be well. Civil government is at best a compromise; our Union was founded by compromise, and only by measures of compromise can it be upheld. Any act for dissolving the Union is more than ordinary treason. It is treason against the interest of liberty and humanity throughout the world and in future ages.

Fanaticism is a thing of one idea, at the mercy of blind and impetuous passions; patriotism is a spirit of enlarged views and generous sentiments, ever happy to sacrifice private interests and preferences for the public good. This looks to the welfare and success, not of its own little society, or sect, or neighborhood, but to the welfare of the country as a whole. The true patriot is the man who loves his whole country. To this he is willing to sacrifice his private feelings and gain, his hopes of political preferment, and even his life. He uses his best exertions for obtaining the enactment of the most salutary

laws ; but when laws are passed not according to his mind, he bows to their supremacy until able to obtain by constitutional means their repeal ; or failing in this, continues to stand manfully by his country, and discountenance under all circumstances, even the appearance of resistance to the constituted authorities. He will not forsake the ship of state and leap into the sea, do what injury he can to the vessel, strive to break it into fragments, or to fire the magazine, because it may not be steered or worked entirely according to his fancy, or because he cannot have regulations repealed that were in force when he came on board ; but feeling his interest indented with the safety of the whole, he will acquiesce in the will of the majority, and leave the direction of affairs in the hands where it has been entrusted. His is the sentiment of Decatur, " Our country, may she always be right ; but right or wrong, our country." May this principle ever be ours. No one sect, no one society, no one state, constitutes our country. The assemblage of all these forms the nation ; and hence the design of the government is to consult the interest, not of any one of these as dis severed from the others, but of the whole so far as that interest can be promoted by such compromises according to the constitution as may benefit them thus in union. Far be it from us to be so influenced by selfishness and fanaticism, as to allow a wrong, or even an oppressive act to turn us against our country. In such a spirit, there is more of the temper of Arnold than of those faithful with Washington. When our country may seem to err, we will stand by her with greater faithfulness, and use efforts the more strenuous for correcting by legal means the error,—bowing with submission to the supremacy of the laws, and making ours the principle, Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our whole country.



A Memorial

OF

EDWARD A. WHARTON:

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE BRAINERD CHURCH, EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

ON SABBATH EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1854.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

PROFESSOR IN LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA:

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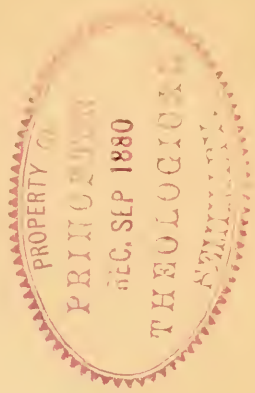
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WASHINGTON HALL, *September 25th*, 1854.

REV. GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Washington Literary Society, held this afternoon, it was unanimously

Resolved, "That a Committee of three be appointed, for the purpose of returning the thanks of the Society to the Rev. George Burrowes, D. D., for the truly eloquent and impressive discourse delivered by him, relative to the death of our much esteemed fellow member, Edward A. Wharton, in the Brainerd Church, on Sabbath evening, the 24th inst., and to request a copy of the same for publication."

The undersigned, in accordance with the grateful task assigned them, beg leave to comply with the foregoing resolution, and to express the hope that you will see fit to comply therewith, as they are well satisfied that its publication will tend to deepen the impression created by this dispensation of an All-wise Providence.

With sentiments of high respect,

Your obedient servants,

WILLIAM M. ALLISON, }
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, } *Committee.*
JOHN C. WILHELM, }

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton, Pa., *September 26th*, 1854.

GENTLEMEN:

I am happy to find that my estimation of the character of our lamented friend, Mr. Wharton, meets with your approbation; and as you think the publication of the sermon will do good, I place it at your disposal.

With my kindest regards for the members of your Society, I am,

Very truly, your Friend,

GEORGE BURROWES.

Messrs. W. M. ALLISON, }
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, } *Committee.*
J. C. WILHELM, }

MEMORIAL.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

How precious is the sympathy of friends in sorrow. Even when they cannot relieve our distress, and the cause of our anguish is too deep for any words of theirs to reach, the silent pressure of the hand, and the tear gathered in the compassionate eye, telling what language cannot express, goes with a soothing blessedness to the depths of the heart, and sheds an oil of gladness through the wounded spirit. But even here it is more blessed to give than to receive. Great as is the happiness of feeling sympathy extended to us in sorrow, it is a greater blessedness to possess a sympathizing heart, and be permitted to have these emotions drawn into deep and healthful action—to go to the disconsolate and make them feel we enter into their sorrows—to sit beside the weeping, and drop with them a tear. The heartless world may say it is unmanly to weep; religion teaches it is godlike to feel the tenderness of Him who mingled with the sisters of Lazarus his tears.

“For to the heart that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing.”

This sympathy with distress is one of the features of the divine image in the soul, obliterated by sin, but restored by

grace; so that he who grows most in holiness has the deepest feeling for the distresses of others, and a happiness in fulfilling the command, "Weep with those that weep." Such is even un sanctified human nature, that common suffering begets sympathy, and creates a bond of union strong in proportion to the distress. But when this divine affection has been revived and made tender by the Holy Spirit, and we see as sinners, our common ruin, and feel our common woe, we are drawn more closely together by this delicate, but powerful bond; when crucified to the world, we sympathize most tenderly with those enduring its tribulations, knowing that we too are the bondsmen of grief, that the sympathy we extend to others, we too shall need in return, for "we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

In this passage, the prophet, as it were, viewing Israel, the Church, in a state of desolation, where all seemed lost in the ruins of their country, as immediately before the birth of Christ, prays that God would come down to deliver his people and revive his work. (v. 1.)—He is encouraged by considering, 1. That it was easy for God so to do, even to make the mountains melt at his presence, (v. 1,) the greatest obstacles to vanish. 2. That this would honour the name of God among the heathen, (v. 2.) 3. He had done great things for them in times past, (v. 3.) 4. None but God can know what blessedness he has prepared for his people; therefore, none but he can work out for them that blessedness, and none can prevent him from perfecting the salvation of his saints, (v. 4.) 5. He is always ready to meet every one who works righteousness, who conforms to the conditions of his plan of salvation, (v. 5.) There is then an acknowledgment that whatever God may

thus do, must be done as a favour, because we are all sinners, (v. 6.) “We are all as an unclean thing,” defiled like the leper, —our spiritual constitution is diseased. As the result of this, our actions, even the best of them, our righteousnesses, our excellences and good deeds, “are as filthy rags.” In consequence of this depravity of heart, “we all do fade as a leaf;” sin brings forth the bitter fruits of death in all our powers, and imparts to our nature the sickly, decaying character of the fading leaf. This native depravity is universal—“we all do fade as a leaf.” And like the falling leaves of autumn swept along by the eddying blasts of the storm, as the successive generations of men wither and fall, our iniquities, gathered into tempests, are sweeping us away. The contemplation of our frailty and decay is painful, yet necessary, salutary, and wise. The prophet mentions it for calling attention to God as the only deliverer, and exciting a trust in his redeeming power. Smitten by the distressing dispensation which has now brought us together, let us receive the wisdom it was designed to impress, and gather more closely to Him who is the fountain of life, and can make us, in our decaying state, like a tree planted by rills of water, whose leaf shall not wither.

A truth so important as that of our frailty, has been set before us in many points of view by the Author of our being. The condition of the whole world was affected by the fall of man. Then the habitation was changed so as to harmonize with the character of its sinful occupant under sentence of death; and this harmony is visible in its blighted loveliness, its fading beauty, its decaying flowers, and withering leaf. These are living memorials of our guilt and decay. And when the Scriptures take up these comparisons from natural

objects; when they tell us that our "life is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," James iv. 14; that man "cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," Job xiv. 2; that "we all do fade as a leaf;"—they are not using illustrations at random, but are interpreting the language of nature, and giving us the meaning wrapped up by the Creator in those beautiful symbols. Creation is beheld in its true light, not by the man who goes abroad like the brutes, and sees in all things nothing more than a preparation for meeting the mere animal wants of man; nor even by him who traces out the philosophical relations of things; but by the man who in addition to both these classes of designs, sees in all things that highest kind of knowledge, moral truth for the instruction of spiritual beings. "Man shall not live by bread alone." The fruit got from the tree whose leaf may be referred to in the text, or from the harvest whose grain is pointed out by Paul as the symbol of the resurrection, is not the only thing for supporting our life. Truth is equally necessary for supporting our spiritual nature. And hence the tree, while supplying fruit for the body, shade to protect, and fragrance to refresh us, is formed so as to convey to us, among other truths, the lesson written in this scripture. A lesson so natural has not escaped the eye of unaided reason. Homer says,

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise:
 So generations in their course decay."

Some one has said, "flowers are the alphabet of angels,

whereby they write on hills and dales mysterious truths." We would rather say, the truths of revelation and of nature form pages like the illuminated volumes of the dark ages, wherein great skill and labour were bestowed in filling the margin with devices and emblems of various colouring and forms, illustrating and harmonizing with the text: and in the rich scroll which the hand of God the Creator has unrolled before us, written full, not of lamentations, and mourning, and woe, but of the words of eternal life—the sacred Scriptures are the text, and the various beauties of creation—Spring, with its landscape of flowers; Summer, with its golden harvests; the mellow shades and fading hues of Autumn; Winter, with its gloomy desolation; the wavy margin of the deep blue ocean; the clouds that gather round the setting sun; the constellations of the evening sky;—all, all are but the illuminated embellishments of this volume of revealed truth, gathering new beauty and instructiveness around every word and every letter, beyond all power of imitation by human genius and human skill. Nature without revelation, presents a more pitiable blank than those illuminated manuscripts with all the embellishments left but the writing withdrawn. It is often remarked, that doubtless every weed, however noxious, contains medicinal properties, could they only be known. We may feel that every created thing, every circumstance, has embodied in it by the Creator some important truth, could it only be discovered. Enlargement of our powers of vision by the microscope, enables us to see exquisite beauties in things so trifling as to be overlooked by the unaided eye; an increase in our powers of spiritual apprehension would cause us to see truth in things

now neglected, and love in dealings now viewed with pain; to see that not only the decay of nature, but that adversity, with its woes,

“Though like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

God has himself revealed to us the lesson written on the fading leaf.

1. The beauty and vigour of man decay. The influence of beauty over the human heart has ever been great, and even now has lost none of its power. It is an element of perfection. Where there is perfect holiness, there must be perfect beauty. All deformity and disease of body has sprung from prior deformity and disease of soul. Hence the Scriptures speak of the beauty of holiness; and the Redeemer shall beautify the meek with salvation. In the absence of moral worth, physical beauty is a hateful thing. As age sobers our wisdom, we place less value on mere beauty of face and form; we dwell rather on the more attractive graces of the heart. These stand unchanged by time; they become more beautiful with the advance of age; sorrow, sickness, bereavement, the tribulations of earth, develop their hidden beauty, and draw forth their hidden power. Never do they shine with such attractive lustre as in the dying saint, when the last remains of mortality are crumbling around him, and his liberated soul is just on the wing for heaven. But what is more fading than the beauty which the world so much covet and admire? The youth

Narcissus of the ancient fable, enamoured with his own charms, tired not with the contemplation of himself in the clear waters of a fountain, and pined away as he gazed. The reality of this is everywhere visible. And this strange weakness does not depend on the possession of beauty. Never was there a form, however ugly, which did not think itself beautiful; never a mind so weak, a soul so mean, as not to be proud of some imaginary endowment. Multitudes who would blush to acknowledge it, live in the constant cultivation of this self-love and self-worship, never tired with contemplating their own form in a glass, using every means art and wealth can furnish to heighten their charms, to conceal their blemishes, and to draw around them worshippers at this shrine of their own idolatry—self—who may offer there the incense of flattery and praise. What sums are squandered in this pitiable folly. In the very gratification of this pride, its freshness is fading away. The young person who now prides himself or herself on being the centre of all eyes, sacrificing thousands to dress and fashion, nothing for benevolence and piety, shall soon, even if life is spared, find the paleness of old age on the cheek, and its wrinkles on the brow; and even the good looks, of which she is so vain, are beginning, in the very spring-time of life, to fade as a leaf. “Verily every man, at his best state, is altogether vanity. Selah. Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth. They dwell in houses of clay; their foundation is in the dust; they are crushed before the moth. Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.”

2. Our prospects fade like the leaf. In youth our sanguine feelings and the flattery of self-love people the future with

bright creations, and lead us to feel that the disquietudes of the present will be left with the past, that the discomforts of youth will be lost amid the pleasures of manhood, that the distractions of middle life will be forgotten in the tranquillity of a retired old age; nothing but happiness enters into our calculation, and our life is to be one from which the ordinary ills of humanity are to be excluded. One of the lessons we have to learn, is that these prospects are deceptive. They too, like everything earthly, do fade as the leaf. "Come now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Jas. iv. 14. The success you expect in business, may prove but disaster; your anticipated wealth be set aside by bankruptcy; health now the most robust, may unexpectedly fail; friends fall around you as the fading summer leaf; the husband of your love, the wife of your bosom, from whose affection you are expecting so much happiness, may prove your greatest earthly sorrow, and your heaviest earthly scourge; the children by whom you are hoping old age to be made happy, may bring down your grey hairs in sorrow to the grave; your son of brightest promise may live long enough to raise your expectations and blast them by death on the threshold of a promising manhood; your purposes of repentance will be lost amid the temptations and business of coming years, and your death-bed be a death-bed of gloom; ere the spring of youth is closed, "your way of life may be fallen into the sear and yellow leaf;" and your career, now opening bright as the cloudless summer morning,

will close in hopeless impenitence, under the displeasure of heaven, like the sun of that day of promise, going down amid clouds, and tempests, and lightning, and thunder, and gloom.

3. Our pleasures fade as the leaf. In the first freshness of enjoyment, there is a lively delight in earthly pleasures. But soon they begin to satiate, and we find at last, that the same principle of decay pervades them all. While the trees of earthly enjoyment, in such various kinds, are scattered along our way with fruits so tempting in the distance, they are no sooner plucked than they begin to wither, and lose their freshness before they reach our lips. Has anything heretofore desired, met your expectations? Never yet have you found at any party, on any card-table, at any ball, at any opera, in any theatre, at any fashionable gathering, in the splendour of any magnificent dress, in any promenade among the showy and the gay, that for which you were seeking. All these things, like the sensitive plant, withered at your approach, were found faded in your grasp, and you turned from them with wonder and sadness at your disappointment. In later life, often before middle-life, the man of pleasure, the devotee of fashion, the youth who has courted dissipation, the female whose life has been exhausted in studying to set off her charms and win admirers, find themselves with those old desires made rigid and insatiable by habit, and the means of pleasure from their gratification proportionally abated; the powers blunted by over-gratification, cease to receive their indulgence with so high a zest; and around, valueless and almost unheeded, faded pleasures are gathering and falling like withered leaves. We stand on the shady bank of a stream, as the yellow leaves are falling on its waters, placid beneath the rich sunlight of an autumn

sky, and see them float noiselessly away; so do our faded pleasures fall around us on the stream of time, and are soon borne beyond the reach of memory to sink in the ocean of oblivion.

4. Our mental powers do fade as the leaf. A life of impenitence is a continual wasting away of the spiritual powers of man. The intellectual faculties may often burn with great brilliancy, but in the absence of the fear of God, this very vigour gives a beauty like the hectic flush on the cheek of the consumptive, consuming the vitality of the system, while exciting the admiration of those around. Education and culture may counteract, to some extent, this decay; but the seeds of death are there; even if the man do not waste away his powers prematurely by the corroding effects of dissipation, he will find them failing under the withering blight of sickness, or the gathering frosts of age. And when we look at cases like the greatest of English statesmen, William Pitt, a wreck in the prime of manhood; or Robert Hall, with his magnificent mind and matchless eloquence, a maniac in the vigour of his days; or Robert Southey, standing in the proudest position among literary men, with the mind that had charmed nations, sinking into the imbecility of a second childhood; we are made to feel that even in the possession of the highest intellectual powers, there is nothing beyond the reach of decay; for even these do fade as a leaf.

And what on earth does not wither and decay? Its pomp and power, its kingdoms and crowns, its pyramids and palaces, its noble cities with their gates of brass, its trophies and mausoleums of kingly marble, all, all fading and crumbling to dust.

" All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flower dishevel'd in the wind;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him, ignoble graves.
 Nothing is proof against the general curse
 Of vanity, that seizes all below.
 The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is virtue, the only lasting treasure, truth.
 But what is truth?"

The Son of God, the eternal Word, Jesus of Nazareth, says, "I am the way and the truth." Among the hills and valleys of our earth, filled with ruins and death, that voice is still moving in animating reverberations, which was first heard over the grave of Lazarus, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." In this day there is a fountain opened—to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem only? nay, to the whole world—for sin and for uncleanness. And from heaven the invitation comes—and they are the last words that heaven has spoken to earth, or that heaven will speak to earth, before the judgment—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. xxii. 17. "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. i. 18. Here, your fading beauty may be restored; here, your wasting vigour renewed. While the weary invalid betakes himself to the waters of some celebrated medicinal spring, or to the reviving air of the summer ocean and the refreshing plunge of its cooling waves; the fainting soul, burdened with guilt, comes

here, to a fountain of power more healing than Siloa's brook or Bethesda's pool, and rises with his whole spiritual nature renewed, in a freshness of beauty beyond that of Naaman at the waters of Jordan, from his baptism in the waves of that ocean of love and grace, and heavenly breezes of the Holy Spirit, to which Jesus has opened a new and living way. "Whence we also look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Phil. iii. 21. "According to his promise, we look for a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Pet. iii. 13. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." 1 John iii. 2.

Like the leaf which came forth with the opening spring, our beloved young friend was with us then in all the vigour and promise of youth; but now, alas, he is faded and fallen, like the leaf that is withered and rustling by his grave. In this dispensation, which has filled so many hearts with sorrow and so many eyes with tears, let us have the melancholy pleasure of gathering up the remembrance of his virtues, and open our hearts to the instruction his early removal was intended to impress.

Edward A. Wharton, son of Col. S. S. Wharton, was born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, January 14th, 1835. He was the son of pious parents. His studies, preparatory to entering college, were pursued at the Milnwood Academy, under the care of the Rev. J. Y. McGinnis. In a revival of religion at that institution in 1851, he became a subject of redeeming grace, and connected himself with the Presby-

terian Church. He entered the Freshman Class of this college in March, 1852, and continued his studies without interruption, and in the best of health, until the 26th of last May, when he was confined with a lingering fever. After weeks of tedious suffering, he fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday, August 7th, in the twentieth year of his age.

It is not the lives of men most distinguished by startling adventures that are of most value to the world at large as examples. The life of Cæsar, or Hannibal, or Bonaparte, is of no importance to us as a model in the pursuit of integrity, virtue, and piety. We may be interested in the startling events of their career; but they moved in a sphere so very different from ours, that we can hardly draw from them a single lesson of practical wisdom applicable to our own condition. The brief pilgrimage of our departed friend, though marked by no variety of romantic incidents, furnishes more real wisdom for the young before me, than all the biographies of all the Cæsars. He lived the life that we are living; and what he was in many respects, we may well desire to become.

He was remarkable for deference to parental authority. Among the elements forming the basis of a life useful and happy in its intercourse with men, the wise man lays down, in the first chapter of Proverbs, three things, as the first principles of human conduct. They are the fear of God, obedience to parents, and the avoiding of bad company. In all these things, our young friend was eminent. From infancy he had always been a blameless boy. He never manifested a disposition to take the reins of authority from the hands of his parent. It was his pleasure to fulfil every

parental injunction, and anticipate every parental desire. How many of you are there of whom your parent can say, as his father said of him, "I never knew him to disobey me." In these times, when disregard of parental authority is one of the crying evils of our land, and the happiness of so many families is embittered by the unfeeling conduct of children, it is refreshing to pause and contemplate an example like his. Disobedience ever meets with retribution; such conduct as his receives its reward. Herodotus mentions a Grecian priestess who had to be conveyed to the temple at some distance from Argos, to officiate at a sacred festival; and as the oxen were not at hand, her two sons drew the chariot in their stead, as an act of filial piety. She prayed the goddess to bestow on them the richest reward possible for mortals; and in answer to her prayer, her sons lying down to rest in the temple, fell into a sleep from which they never awoke. After a youth adorned with filial love and duty, our friend has fallen asleep in Jesus, in the vestibule of that heavenly temple, "whose portal we call death."

As might be expected, this reverence towards parents, the neglect of which is the root of every vice, was in his case connected with great amiability of character. He often reminded me of the young man of whom it is written, "Then Jesus beholding him, loved him." Mark x. 21. He was not one of those captious, complaining spirits, who, being all ajar themselves, keep all persons and things around them in a state of disorder and unhappiness; whose first natural impulse is to contradict and oppose; and whose better feelings, when they have any, are a later and secondary growth. There was no jaundiced humour in his eye; it was limpid with

kindness, and threw over everything the hue of benevolence and love. Just as a fretful disposition at home, and insolence towards parents, prepares for peevishness to strangers, and arrogance abroad, so his filial goodness brought forth the fruits of gentleness and kindness in society. His associates loved him, as they felt the strength of this amiability based on principle; strangers were attracted by his bearing; children gathered around him with gladness, and said they loved him because he noticed them so kindly, and always took their part. And it was the beauty of this trait, that it was not a mere negative thing, but in alliance with great energy of character and purpose, when roused by a sufficient cause. While even too many young persons are like Nabal, who was such a son of Belial that a man could not speak to him; and to no persons greater churls than to their parents; he had a temper of remarkable evenness and loveliness, and when roused, still under perfect control.

He possessed by nature, in a very high degree, feelings of delicacy and honour. Some persons seem born gentlemen; others are natural churls. His inherent bias was towards what is noble and gentlemanly. No one acquainted with him would have suspected him of any unhandsome conduct. He could not have done a dishonourable deed had he tried. Anything deceptive, trickish, or mean, was the object of his scorn. His aims were honourable; his means were pure. He felt that the most elevated code of honour is that which is built on the principle, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." This had with him its attending delicacy for the feelings of others. So habitual was this, that in no situation was it forgotten. He was never so ill

as to overlook the little civilities of life to those who attended him in his sickness. Shortly before his death, when friends were standing around his bed weeping, as he had just recovered from one of those paroxysms which appeared death in all its terrors, unconscious of the struggle through which he had passed, his eye rested on a lady who was standing by his bedside, and ministering to his wants; and with a delicacy which, under the circumstances, was deeply affecting, he expressed his fears that she would be wearied with her efforts. This native feeling was refined by education and christian principle. He was careful of the feelings of others. Though possessing a playful wit, that could be made to tell with effect, he kept it under control, and avoided wounding the sensibility of his associates.

He was a young man of great purity of heart. Perhaps he had this trait in as full a degree, by nature, as ever falls to the lot of our fallen humanity. There was something in his very complexion and appearance, a fineness, as it were, in the earth of which his body was formed, that seemed to harmonize with this inward purity. Intemperance, with gaming and the kindred rabble-rout of youthful vices—who would ever think of naming them in connection with Edward A. Wharton? Those who have seen him in situations peculiarly adapted to put his principles to the test, can answer, that with him no coarse and ribald jest, no word calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of delicacy, no perversion of Scripture to create merriment, ever found favour. His conduct fulfilled the ideas of Isaac Walton: “Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. That man is not to me a good companion; for most of his conceits were either Scripture-jests or lascivious-jests; for

which I count no man witty; for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold." Such a companion was the deceased to those who enjoyed his friendship. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

He was remarkable for his modesty. This beautiful trait threw over his other endowments a delightful charm. Free from the mawkishness which under the name of modesty seeks to disguise a sickly vanity or pride, and which, when shrinking from public duty or society, does so only because fearing its success may not be commensurate with its ambitious desires—he was equally free from the presumption which is so offensive, and often shows itself with such repulsiveness in the young. He knew the place that belongs to youth, and under the control of that strong good sense which seemed in him almost an instinct, he quietly fulfilled the duties, and met all the requirements of his position, without assumption or neglect. His judgments were sober and sensible; there was a steadiness and dignity in his bearing beyond his years. Yet he deferred with becoming delicacy to the wisdom of the more experienced, and felt that the place of youth is to learn, not to lead. He was free from a fault very common, an over-estimate of himself and his powers. He conformed to the command, "Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly." Had he possessed some of the self-confidence of which some young persons have such an overflowing supply, it might have been to his advantage. His great modesty sometimes led to a distrust of himself, and thereby to a failure

to bring out fully his powers. Possessing a noble form, which might have been singled out among a multitude as one of the finest specimens of health and manly beauty, he never showed by his bearing or actions that he was aware of anything about him likely to draw attention or admiration. Others might possess talents marked by more brilliancy; few have such a combination of valuable endowments, fitted to carry them through life with confidence, usefulness, affection, and success.

His patience under suffering was worthy of admiration. Those young persons who are impatient of the least disappointment in realizing their coveted pleasures; who seem to think all nature should stand or fly at their nod; and who, when thwarted in anything, show on a smaller scale the same spirit which led Xerxes to scourge the Hellespont and try to fetter the waves—might have learned a wholesome lesson had they been with him in his closing days. With the best of health and life opening before him with flattering promises of wealth, respectability, and ease, he felt the chill dews blighting his hopes, he saw those pleasing prospects fade, and bowed to the allotment without a murmur or complaint. And when, on our national anniversary, he was propped up in bed that his sunken eye might look down on the festivities in the town below; and when, on the evening of the Junior exhibition, his companions were going to the public gathering, and though he had been selected by his society as one of the orators, he was left behind with but a friend or two in the chamber of sickness; and when, on the morning of commencement, as we gathered at prayers for the last time during the session, all of us were heavy with sorrow, and some of us were bathed in tears, and he, instead of leaving with you to meet the open arms and affectionate hearts

of home, had on that very day, his parent brought to his bedside to watch the dying moments of a loved and promising son; in the midst of all, those of us who were with him continually never heard from him a word of impatience or a repining breath. Amid the general gloom, there was shining yet brighter and brighter in his sick room, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

He was a Christian. In his character, this was the crown of pure gold on the head, amid so many attractive virtues. He had been more than three years a member of the church, and during that time, had maintained the walk of a consistent Christian. The religious exercises of persons take a colouring from their natural disposition; and his piety was marked by the same modesty, calmness, good sense, and consistency, which had from early childhood distinguished his conduct. During his illness, his heart rested with calmness and confidence on the Saviour who had loved him so well. And when, on reviving from a sinking state which we all thought death, a lady at his bedside asked him if he still felt Jesus precious, none present will forget the heavenly mildness and beauty with which he expressed his assurance of the preciousness and presence of the Good Shepherd with him even there, far down amid the chills and gloom of the valley of the shadow of death. None of us thought, until a few days before his death, that his end was nigh; to himself it was unexpected. Yet the midnight cry found him ready; and leaving behind the toils, the temptations, the sorrows of suffering humanity, he passed away, amid the quiet of a summer noon, to the sabbatical repose that remaineth for the people of God. In the evening of that day, sympathizing

friends gathered in the college chapel around his form, yet beautiful in death, mingling their tears with those of the weeping father and brother, in the services of religion, yet sorrowing not as those that have no hope. A few weeks before, one had been there in all the vigour of youth and buoyancy of hope; but now where was he?

“He that hath found some fledged bird’s nest may know,
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.”

O could there be a doubt where he was gone? No—no.

“There, in the twilight cold and grey,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky serene and far,
 A voice fell like a falling star—
 Excelsior! With Jesus!”

There is somewhere an oriental apologue, that a gardener was entrusted by his Lord with the cultivation among others of one flower of remarkable beauty and value, which he watched with special affection and unwearying care. One morning he missed it in his walk, and was deeply grieved. He was told the owner had taken it; and he was silent.

Did time permit, I would speak of those young friends who so kindly and faithfully ministered to his wants through a lingering illness. You did well. You shall not lose your reward. “With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.” When your season of suffering comes, and the hands which held the sinking head and wet the fevered lips of this dying child of God, are cold and nerveless in

approaching death, Jesus will gather around you those who will attend you with equal faithfulness. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. x. 41.

My young friends, can I say anything that will add to the appeal which this touching dispensation makes to you as sinners needing repentance? There are times when it seems the part of wisdom to pause in silence and hearken to the voice of God. I can add nothing to the impressiveness of the tones here spoken to your hearts. What more can be done for bringing you to repentance? To the warnings and invitations of anxious instructors, and prayerful fathers, and loving mothers, He who wills not that any should perish, has added this last appeal. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. xii. 1.

TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Washington Literary Society, on Tuesday, September 8, 1854, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, Almighty God has been pleased to remove from among us our beloved fellow member, EDWARD A. WHARTON, of Huntingdon, Pa., therefore,

Resolved, That in his death the Washington Literary Society has lost one of its most valuable members, whose pride it was to maintain her interests and preserve her good name; truth a steadfast defender; justice an advocate; honour a guardian; friendship an ornament; filial piety and fraternal love one of their most exemplary representatives.

Resolved, That from our connection with him as fellow members of the same Society, classmates and companions, during the last two and a half years, we have witnessed that his life was one of exalted principle: with "wisdom, friendship, and virtue," for his motto, he took for his guide the truth of the gospel: confiding in Him to whose mercy he trusted, and at whose altar he had registered his vows, he endured a tedious illness with Christian patience, with pious thankfulness for the attentions of kind and sympathizing friends, and with calm submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender our expressions of deep condolence to the bereaved father and brother, and other surviving friends; and cherish a melancholy satisfaction in sympathizing with them in their irreparable loss.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be transmitted to the friends of the deceased, and be published in the Presbyterian, Presbyterian Banner, and in the papers of Easton and Huntingdon.

H. D. T. KERR,
WM. M. ALLISON, } *Committee.*
JOHN M. SULLIVAN, }

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the students of Lafayette College, held September 9th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst an esteemed friend and fellow student, EDWARD A. WHARTON, therefore,

Resolved, That by his removal we have sustained the loss of one, who by his generous and honourable bearing, gentlemanly demeanour, friendly conduct, virtuous habits, and amiable disposition, had endeared himself to us all as a classmate and companion.

Resolved, That from our association with the deceased during his connection with College, we feel a saddened pleasure in thus being able to tender our sympathies and condolence to the family and friends in this their melancholy bereavement.

Resolved, That the dispensation which has struck down so unexpectedly one who was in the enjoyment of robust health, and gave promise of a vigorous and noble manhood, calls on us to feel the extreme uncertainty of life, and in the days of youthful hope, to remember the Creator and Redeemer to whom he had consecrated himself in earlier years.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and friends, and that they be forwarded for publication in the Huntingdon and Easton papers, Presbyterian, and Banner.

WM. M. ALLISON, *Chairman.*
C. M. ANDREWS, }
R. P. ALLEN, }
WM. CHANDLER, } *Committee.*
H. D. T. KERR, }
J. M. SALMON, }

To my Sister's Motherless Children :

“ There thou shalt walk in soft, white light,
With kings and priests abroad ;
And thou shalt summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God.”

DIED, on Saturday, June 6th, 1868, at Easton, Pa., Mrs. CLARA A. SHADWELL, wife of Mr. S. Leigh Rodenbough, aged thirty-seven years. The deceased was born in Manchester, England. She was one of nine daughters of the late Geo. Shadwell, Esq., and received her education at the seminary of Mrs. Thompson, at Bowden, Cheshire, where she remained until the family came to the United States. A guardian Providence, taking her by the hand in early womanhood, led her by a way she knew not, to find in this land of strangers a wide circle of loving friends, a happy home, a devoted husband, a redeeming Saviour, and a pathway of sanctified suffering, which lead to heaven through an early grave. With one of the best physical constitutions that ever falls to the lot of even an English woman, she seemed in youth to give the best hopes of long life ; but He who had chosen her as His peculiar treasure, in winning her from the world to Himself, touched her perfect health with incipient blight about the time when the Holy Spirit began to develop in her soul the germ of an Eternal life. In drawing her to Himself, the Redeemer seemed to say, “ I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.”—Isa. xlviii. 10.

Though piously educated, and with a heart tenderly affected towards religion at times from early youth, the impression which led her to consecrate herself to Jesus, was made while listening to an address to the impenitent on a sacramental occasion by the Rev. Dr. McPhail. She had seen more than enough of the emptiness and folly of the world. She resolved to follow henceforth her redeeming Lord ; and she received evidence of discipleship and of His tender love, in being constrained by Him to go forth in His footsteps bearing a heavy cross. Crucifixion to the world is at best a painful process. In her case it was attended with years of keen, often of agonizing, suffering, increasing in intenseness to the last. During a long experience in the pastoral office, the writer never witnessed a case of affliction more clearly sanc-

tified, of suffering more protracted and intense, borne with a more quiet, uncomplaining submission to the will of Him who loves whom He chastens.

To those whose intimate relations enabled them to watch the progress of her hidden life, the development of her spiritual growth was interesting, beautiful, and attractive. There was much to bind her to earth. One by one those ties were loosened by the power of love to Jesus; until at last that deepest of agonies the yearning of the mother's heart in separating from her children, was hushed into quietness by the power of confidence in her beloved Lord. Like the Captain of our salvation, on whom her anxious, trusting eye did so calmly rest, she "was made perfect through sufferings." Her growth in grace was manifested not in the animation of a soul mounting up with the brightness of the eagle's eye and the vigor of the eagle's wing; but in sitting at the feet of Jesus, like Mary, in humble docility and submission, and in growing in "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," while receiving "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

During the many months of her constant suffering, the groans of her agonizing spirit were frequently heard; a murmur never fell from her lips. At such times, in reply to the words, "He doth not afflict willingly," she would say, "Oh no, no. My cross is very heavy; but it is needful for me. Oh how much lighter than I deserve. Jesus, give me strength to bear it." That beautiful poetry, "The Changed Cross," was specially genial to her heart. She read, and reread it; and kept the little volume under her pillow. It was found under her pillow after her death. The last two verses expressed her patient acquiescence in the divine will:—

"And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.
But oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.
Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best shall choose for me;
And so, whate'er his love sees good to send
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end."

Nearly four months before her death, after a paroxysm of agony which those around her supposed was death, she said

that in the midst of the struggle she felt as though, had she been able, she would have found relief for her feelings in singing the words—

“Why should I shrink at pain or woe;
Or feel at death dismay?
I’ve Canaan’s goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.”

And it was not a little touching to hear her in the evening of the same terrible day, sing those words of submission and triumphant hope. Seldom has there fallen to the lot of woman a voice more sweetly musical than hers; and often during the last months of her earthly sojourn, has the heart been touched and tears brought to the eye by hearing from her room of suffering that plaintive voice, more beautifully musical through sorrow, giving utterance to her love, and trust, and hope, in singing such hymns as “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” “One sweetly solemn thought,” “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,” “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.” On the Sabbath before her death she sat, for the first time in many months, at dinner with her family; and on retiring she was led into the parlor, and, seated at the piano for the last time, played and sung with her children, “Shall we gather at the river?” while some present were thinking that even then her feet were feeling the chill of that sullen river’s cold plashing waves. Her duties as a woman, a wife, and a mother were tenderly and faithfully discharged. Her children were kept steadily under a discipline gentle, affectionate, and firm, which formed the habit of obedience without gainsaying, yet drew them to her with a confidential love seldom equalled between mother and child. During even confinement to her bed, her children were gathered morning after morning by her bedside, that she might read with them the Scriptures, and pray with them. On one occasion, when they were thus gathered, the mother, exhausted with debility and previous pain, fell asleep with the open Bible before her, while the children presented a touching sight, as sitting in silence for her to awake and lead their little worship, from whose affection and teachings they were so soon to be severed by death.

This discipline of suffering had, through sanctifying grace, prepared her to triumph in the last conflict. During four and twenty hours before death, her suffering was extreme; but

reason was unclouded and faith triumphant to the last. Not long before her dissolution, she was asked if she still felt Jesus precious; she replied, "Oh yes, precious—precious. He is my only trust; His blood cleanses from all sin. I am going home. Jesus is with me." Again she said, "All's well; all's well." Then she repeated, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Again, "All's peace—peace—peace. I am passing through the dark valley; but it is not dark. It is light—light; Jesus is with me." One present then said, "I see nothing here but victory. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." She then raised both hands and said, "Victory! Victory!"

Her children were brought in; and with a calmness which showed she was the most unmoved of all the weeping company around her, she addressed to each of them a word of counsel; pointed them to Jesus; and with a mother's blessing, bade them a last adieu. After this, while lying calm and composed, her eyes were noticed to open wide and brighten up, while a smile gathered on her countenance as though she was gazing with delight on some new and unusual appearance. Some who witnessed this, looked on with holy trepidation and reverence, thinking, Is she too catching a glimpse of those shining ones who are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation, and have come to carry her, like one of old, to the bosom of Jesus?

And thus she died. The grave was despoiled of its terrors; death of its sting. The friends who had been permitted to watch for months and years the progress of her bodily decay and the development of her spiritual life, while they kneeled around the fallen walls of the earthly tenement from which the spirit had gone amid its escort of angels to glory, could not do otherwise than pour out their hearts in thankful love to Him whose redeeming grace had given her the victory; and had given the stricken and weeping ones yet lingering on earth, such grounds for feeling through all future loneliness and tears, that "The memory of the just is blessed;" and that "after she had patiently endured, she obtained the promise," fulfilled in all its glory by her redeeming Lord, "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

BURROWES' COMMENTARY

ON THE

SONG OF SOLOMON.

"It is little to say that it is the best commentary on 'The Song;' it is one of the best commentaries on an Old Testament book which it has ever been my happiness to peruse. For I have seldom found one which so delightfully combines scholarship and sound judgment with the devotional spirit, or one in which the results of much reading are so gracefully interwoven with the author's independent thinking. The book is especially valuable as a specimen of a kind of commentary much wanted in the present day—bringing out, as it does, the poetical charms of the inspired writer, and so commending the study to men of literary tastes. Almost the very day that I received your volume, a gentleman consulted me about a friend of his who had been sceptical, but who had now got the length of believing in the Bible as a divine revelation generally, but who still stumbled at the Song of Solomon. I advised him to go at once and get your book, which he said he would. I do not know that I shall ever hear the result, but I suspect there are not a few to whom, in the same way, this work will be a word in season."—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., Regent's Square, London, Author of "Life in Earnest," &c.*

"The commentary of Professor Burrowes on the Song of Solomon is a gift to the Christian community of eminent value,

and contains the rich results of a long-continued investigation of this remarkable portion of the Scriptures. Without encumbering the work with a parade of learning, he has, nevertheless, succeeded in presenting all the valuable points of ripe scholarship as well as of a devout study of the Word of God. The purity of taste and varied learning of the eminent author are conspicuous alike in the body of the work and in the admirable selection of matter presented in the notes. The reader, guided by such an expounder of the Scriptures, will continually find new beauties in the Song; and will, above all, be greatly edified, and taught to value the privileges of the true believer, by the practical observations found on every page. This mode of explaining and applying the various portions of the Song really shows it to be what he terms it in the introduction, 'the Manual of the Advanced Christian.' The work is worthy of the highest commendation."—*Rev. C. F. Schaeffer, D. D., Professor in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia.*

"I am delighted with your commentary on several accounts. It nourishes both the intellect and the heart. When I wish to get very near to my Saviour, and have my love to Him kindled up afresh or fanned into a flame, I can get on my knees in private with your precious volume before me, and feel greatly aided in effecting this end. You must yourself have derived great spiritual benefit in writing this work, obliged as you were to think and speak so much of the Beloved."—*Rev. J. M. Olmstead, Author of "Noah and his Times," &c.*

"You have executed a very difficult and delicate task with skill and judgment. I think the book will serve to bring that portion of the Word of God more into the course of practical reading of pious people, and enable them to enter into its spirit. There is doubtless a great falling off in the devotional exercises of Christians of our day, as compared with those of some other periods of the church. We have so many societies and so much outdoor life, that the work of the closet,

and communion with God, and devout pondering of His Word, are often sadly neglected. Your work is adapted to counteract this evil; and I hope you will have the satisfaction of finding that it has ministered to the greater spirituality of the church."—*Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton.*

"This is the most readable and satisfactory commentary on the Canticles we have ever seen. The work contains a copious introduction, a new and elegant translation, an analysis of the Song, and a rich and lucid commentary, maintaining in an eminent degree the pure evangelical spirit of the book. The author, in this work, has done a great service to the church, in rendering more instructive and attractive a very precious portion of God's word, which has been but too little read and appreciated by the general reader of the Bible. He has made a most valuable contribution to Biblical literature, and produced a work which will be read with pleasure and profit by coming generations."—*The Presbyterian, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

"An attractive work externally, and internally, and intrinsically. With this author for our guide, the Song of Solomon becomes one of the most spiritual and edifying books of the whole inspired canon."—*The Congregational Herald.*

"The author of this volume has rendered the cause of religion and the Christian world important service. The volume all through breathes the spirit of no ordinary piety. While it is learned and critical, it at the same time glows with devotion to 'the Lord of life and glory.' We have not of late met with a book in which we have been so much interested."—*The Christian Times.*

"This book of Dr. Burrowes is the most satisfactory exposition and elucidation of the Song we have ever seen. He finds in it the highest and best of spiritual truth, nor are his reasons far-fetched or unnatural. The introduction alone, in which he

shows the progressiveness of the Christian's ability to understand the Holy Scriptures, and adduces this as ever new and ever growing evidence of the truth of the Bible, is worth more than the price of the book. We advise ministers to study the Song of Solomon in the light of this exposition."—*Zion's Herald*.

"The loftier the reader's views are of Christ, the deeper his insight into the work of redemption, the more exalted, full, and joy-inspiring his appreciation of the beauty and bliss of that conformity to Christ and enjoyment of his favor to which the ransomed are to be advanced at their resurrection and admission to his eternal kingdom, the greater will be the ease with which he will enter into the teachings and spirit of this volume, and the higher the satisfaction he will derive from it."—*Lord's Theological and Literary Review*.

IMPRESSIONS

OF

DR. WADSWORTH

AS

A PREACHER.

BY

A CLERGYMAN.

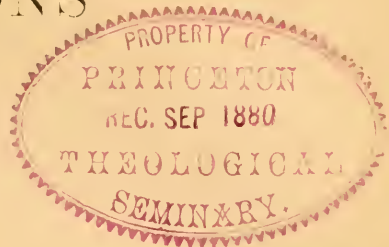
Geo. Burrows.

SAN FRANCISCO:
TOWNE & BACON, EXCELSIOR PRINTING OFFICE.
1863.

In 1863, a party in Dr. Wadsworth's Church in San Francisco, who were determined to have back his predecessor, were acting towards Dr. W. in a way that excited my indignation; and, among other things, were saying he was no preacher. I wrote this pamphlet as a testimony to the impression made on me by his pulpit-power; and printed it at my own expense. The Session of Calvary Church who had heard of my purpose but had not seen the manuscript, urged me not to print it, and would not contribute to the expense. After reading it however they cheerfully made up the sum and repaid me. I wrote this after sitting under Dr. W. for one year. After hearing ^{him} constantly for three years, I endorsed these opinions even more fully. The opposite party never forgave me for writing this.

G. B.

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DR. WADSWORTH AS A PREACHER.

THE labors of Dr. Wadsworth on the Pacific Coast have been attended with all the encouragement that could be desired by his friends. His church is crowded. Many persons are known to look forward with great pleasure during the business of the week, to the coming of the Sabbath, that they may again have the happiness of sitting under his preaching. A man of business and means, has come down regularly on Saturday afternoon in the steamer from a place one hundred and twenty miles distant, for no other purpose than to attend his church; and he says that such are the pleasure and benefit thus derived, he will gladly continue to do this, unless able to arrange his business and make San Francisco his home.

Those only who hear Dr. Wadsworth continuously, can have any just idea of his power as a preacher. His excellence grows on you by acquaintance. Forming, as is natural, an idea of his preaching from his reputation, persons who have never heard him, do not always find

him, on the first impression, the kind of preacher they had expected. Works and things bearing the impress of genius, whether in poetry, architecture, or painting, disappoint us on first observation. Time is needed for disclosing their depth of idea and elaboration of finish. We are disappointed; and our first impulse is to suppose they do not harmonize with our anticipations because falling below our level; the true reason is found in their rising above our standard. The same is true of a mind of elevated piety and genius in the pulpit. Strangers are consequently sometimes disappointed on a first casual hearing of Dr. Wadsworth. As time rolls by, the constant hearer loses sight of any thing at first viewed as a peculiarity, and marvels at the manner in which he brings from his treasure things new and old.

The prominent and most striking feature, is the tone of deep, earnest, simple-hearted piety that pervades all his ministrations. You cannot avoid the feeling, that he has begun his theological education by studying experimentally, at the feet of Jesus, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the truth, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."—Luke 18: 17. Those who have come expecting to meet literary splendor first and prominent, are disappointed by encountering on the threshold the simplicity and unction of the spirit of Jesus. They are ready to turn away disappointed, as this is not what they anticipated; yet in the unexpected

simplicity of this beauty, they find their attention arrested; and as they pause and gaze, they feel their incipient interest deepening into admiration. They find themselves listening not to a dreamer who is weaving poetical fancies, abstract metaphysical lucubrations spun from material drawn from God's word, into a drapery of vanity for adorning himself with its folds, but to the voice of the Spirit dwelling in the shrine of this spiritual temple and making the preacher "speak as the oracles of God." You feel that behind all he says there must be lying years of conflict and agony, of trials and sorrows, of deep gloom and despondency, of strong cries and tears, of heavenly fellowship and confidential friendship with God, of transforming views of the glory of Christ and homesickness to be away with Jesus: All this blended with deep study and meditation on the Scriptures, and assimilated by the fires of the Holy Spirit into a homogeneous mass with the living truth gathered from the word of God, finds utterance through the molding control of a brilliant, original, powerful mind, of a soul whose lips have been touched with a coal from Isaiah's hallowed fire. Literature with its riches and culture is laid under heavy requisition, yet kept in the proper place, as the servant of the sanctuary—not as the divinity enthroned in its shrine. The ornaments of his style, are not a painted rhetorical confectionery hanging like the appendages to a Christmas-tree, but the spring blossoms and autumn fruits clustering on a tree planted by the waters of life.

No preacher shows a deeper, more tender love for the Lord Jesus. In fullness and tenderness it is remarkable, "passing the love of women." This affection for the Redeemer gives a tinge to his whole style, and a tone to all his utterances. The intonations of his voice have a musical plaintiveness in harmony with the feelings of his heart. His prayers are remarkable. They are the natural outpouring of these blended emotions, truths, experiences, spiritual conflicts, and love to Jesus, gathered in his deepest soul. As a consequence, they are intensely devotional, going with subduing power to the heart, and melting down the feelings of the audience into a readiness for receiving the mingled instruction and pathos that follow. Brilliant as are his sermons in thought and language, they have in greater degree this unction of deep, tender, humble-hearted love to Jesus. They are golden urns filled with the sacred "beaten oil" of the sanctuary. They are like the golden vessels of the temple—not, as is too often the case, filled with the sparkling but intoxicating distillations at Belshazzar's feast—but filled to the brim, by the word of Him who was present at Cana of Galilee, with that love which is better than wine, and with that grace which is the fruit of the Spirit. While from his discourses, brilliant thoughts fly off in all directions, like the scintillations from the red-hot iron when struck on the anvil; like those scintillations too, these thoughts are ablaze with the baptism of heavenly fire. When the hostile forces before Troy, as represented by Homer, stood gaz-

ing in wonder at the falling star which came down from heaven at mid-day with a trail of sparkling brilliancy, the great beauty of the blazing meteor was not so much in the attractive light, as in the goddess around whose presence was thrown the drapery of that light; those who saw only the falling star, felt it beautiful; those who saw the divine messenger, the embodiment of heavenly wisdom, within that star, saw a deeper beauty, and felt a deeper joy. Thus, while these discourses pass before the fixed gaze of the soul, luminous with the splendor of brilliant thoughts and literary beauty, the penetrating eye of the believing heart feels their greater attractiveness is in the divine presence which this brilliancy embodies, the glowing manifestation there made of a living and glorified Redeemer. Brilliant thoughts are tessellated in his sermons, like the precious stones in the attire of the high priest; yet like the urim and thummim among the stones of the breast-plate—the light, and love, and presence of Jesus, throw over all a brilliancy from heaven.

Stronger than every other attraction, is the unction with which he preaches Jesus. His sermons are redolent with the fragrance of that name which is as ointment poured forth. They are full of Jesus and of heaven. They are exuberant in distillations of richer than Gilead's balm, from Him who binds up the broken-hearted, and comforts those who mourn. The sorrowing here find sympathy from contact with the truth of a sympathizing Saviour. He preaches consolation like a

man who knows how to succor others, because he has himself been compassed with suffering. His pathos goes to the very core of the heart. The feelings are gently, unconsciously raised to a degree where the tension, however delightful, often becomes painful; and the spell on the heart breaks in a luxury of tears. No man has greater power in so soothing the wounded heart and presenting the attractiveness of heaven blended with the glory of Jesus as to make the sinking spirit feel resigned under its heaviest burden, and look up with more than gladness from amid earthly toil and anguish, to the peacefulness of its final rest. Coming from the lips of one who has been made to "ride on the high places of the earth and drink the pure blood of the grape" beyond Jordan, his sermons are powerful in loosening the heart from earth, and in turning it with the eye of a home-sick soul, to its rest on the unseen hills with Jesus. The spirit yearns for the wings of immortality, as he portrays the attractiveness of heaven, and makes us feel,

"There thou shalt walk in soft bright light, with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God."

With all his sympathy with sorrow, there is mingled the brightness of joy and hope. He turns toward the wretched the bright side of the cloud. In all his ministrations, he keeps blazing in the front the principle that concerning Jesus—

"There should not be a shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of Thee."

He makes religion synonymous with cheerfulness and consolation. Those who come to church only to gratify a literary taste, to gaze merely on the polished stones and carved work of the sanctuary, will find abundant beauties for their gratification. Those that come with the feelings of the Greeks to the temple, who said to Philip, "Sir, we would see Jesus," (John 12: 21,) will find themselves "abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house and be made to drink of the river of his pleasures." He loads the altar at which he ministers, not with chaplets and wild flowers gathered in Delphian vales and groves of Academus, but with clusters gathered in a richer than Eshcol, and with fruits from that tree which is for the healing of the nations.

As might be expected, this could not be done without giving the marrow of the Gospel. By the words "marrow of modern divinity," some persons seem to understand something different from the living principle of the Gospel fresh from its original springs. From the peculiar constitution of their minds and the character of their religion, coldly intellectual, with barely emotion enough to give any symptom of life, they crave an exhibition of Scripture which is set up in the cold form of a metaphysical skeleton, where the truth can be scanned as an exercise in logic or polemics, and the whole religious duty of man becomes a calm mental exercise, without trenching on the feelings and without going beyond the mere moralities of the world. By "the marrow of divinity" such persons seem to under-

stand the dry bones of divinity unbroken—the truth set up in a shape that puts it beyond the power of the hungry to get therefrom any nutriment. Such is the character of many a so-called doctrinal sermon—cold, hard, unattractive, repulsive, indigestible, incommestible. If by “the marrow of modern divinity” is meant, as some persons seem to mean, the dry bones of “Original Sin,” “Decrees,” and kindred topics, set before a congregation in such a way that they can only try the teeth of their formality and orthodoxy on them, like a dog gnawing a bone, and without getting from them any more nourishment;—then, those do not get it, who wait on Dr. Wadsworth. But if breaking the dry bones of Scripture texts and extracting from them the finest marrow, the quintessence of heavenly truth, and setting it before a people in such a way that their souls are “satisfied with marrow and fatness;”—if this is giving the marrow of divinity, then does Dr. Wadsworth give it to perfection. He excels in giving the marrow of the Scriptures. Passages out of the way and unnoticed, passages lying in the common track but passed neglected as hard, dry, and containing apparently nothing, he will gather up, and from them will extract delicious nutriment for the soul hungering and thirsting for righteousness. He finds the hidden manna in abundance where others do not suspect even its existence. Where other men would pass without casting even a glance at portions of Scripture deemed useless and dead as the body of the slain lion, he, like Samson, “turning aside

to see the carcase," finds these dead ceremonies of an abrogated dispensation and antiquated facts of a bygone age, swarming with truths rich and living, from which he brings forth to those who gather to these feasts of the soul, that which is "sweet to the taste, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb." He goes through the less trodden and out-of-the-way portions of the Scriptures, and with the instinct of genius guided by the inner light of the Holy Spirit, gathers gems and gold by others often passed unnoticed. Among the cliffs, and crags, and ravines of revelation, he notices and touches, under this same guidance, one and another jet of truth, which like gas brought in contact with flame, while escaping in the darkness, needed only to be touched by the fire of love from a brilliant mind, to blaze "like a torch of fire in a sheaf."

With a mind of high originality and an imagination of great brilliancy, Dr. Wadsworth is free from everything visionary and unreal. All is sobered by deep penetration and sound common sense. He possesses in an eminent degree the power of seeing Scripture in its relations to the circumstances and wants of those to whom he ministers. Some persons will receive from a hint an impulse that will give them a start and open before them a whole domain of unnoticed truth, while others will stumble over the same suggestion without getting a single new idea. From meager data a high mathematical intellect will evolve, by the aid of the calculus, valuable and surprising results, while others will

be at fault over a simple problem in algebra. The superior mind shows its superiority in working out important consequences from slender premises presenting to others only an impracticable puzzle. It is thus in handling the Scriptures. They are germs for the preacher to unfold according to the laws of the human mind and of a sanctified holiness. A strong mind filled with the Holy Spirit will evolve much from portions which others will handle without any important practical results. Dr. Wadsworth sees with remarkable penetration, not only what a passage was intended to teach in its primary application to those who first heard it, but what it was intended to teach us. He has the faculty of elaborating from the Scriptures their practical element, as bearing on present things. He is eminently a practical preacher. He does not give long skeleton-sermons, as dry as "Ridgley's Divinity," with what is called "a practical application" at the end, as if the doctrinal and the practical were to be kept asunder, although the great Author of truth and duty forbid such a divorce, when he at first published between them the bans. A striking feature of his sermons is the manner in which he blends the doctrinal and practical, causing doctrine, when not visible in its naked form, to furnish the bone and muscle of the discourses which he sets before us in the freshness of the flesh and beauty of practical life. In reading Shakspeare you do not see the naked frame of a system of metaphysics; yet was Shakspeare the greatest of metaphysicians. He gives

us these profound abstractions in the guise of living things. And thus Christian doctrine stands before us in these discourses, embodied in practical duties, and in the attractive beauty of real life. Truth is presented not in an abstract, hard, indigestible shape, which the heart cannot assimilate; in theological essays deep and "clear, but O how cold;"—we receive "the pure milk, the pure cream, of the word." Even in his sermons professedly doctrinal, we find this singular and peculiar charm. When leaving the church after having heard discourses on the abstract points of our faith, persons familiar from childhood with the instructions of the best pulpits in the large cities of the East, have remarked that such topics, when heretofore treated, had always been set forth in so dry and unattractive a manner as to seem incapable of being invested with the beauty and interest thrown around them by Dr. Wadsworth. His statements of doctrine are discriminating and clear; and casting aside arguments weak or used merely to show the writer's acuteness, he selects the few fitted to strike the minds and hearts of his own audience, and drives them home with the effectiveness of "nails fastened in a sure place." His doctrinal sermons are not metaphysical intangibilities fitted for the theological tomes or the polemical congregations of two hundred years ago, but living nourishment adapted to the existing state of things among the flock of his own fold.

No preaching can be popular without being practical. His preaching is eminently practical. It shows great

shrewdness and penetration into the heart and into the motives operating in daily life. It owes not its interest to startling novelties; it does not draw its power from oratorical elocution. It is not rhetorical; it is not flowery; it is not metaphysical. It is not addressed to some particular fancy or idiosyncrasy of the day. You cannot detect in him any shade of resemblance to the features of the family of sensation-preachers. He has nothing in common with them. The very appearance of the man in the pulpit shows his abhorrence of clap-trap and cant. You see that self is left in the background. His case is a fulfillment of the promise, "He that shall humble himself, shall be exalted."—Matt. 23: 12. He shrinks from public notoriety, public demonstrations, and public applause. He possesses eminently, so much so that it is a deficiency in his character, the very unusual disposition to undervalue himself and his productions. He cannot understand how he could ever be viewed as a preacher of mark and power. The crowds that have ever hung around his ministry, are to him alone a mystery. After sermons under which all hearts in a crowded congregation are melted down, and recover from their breathless and even painful attention with admiration and tears, he alone will sit down overcome with a sense of failure and of little worth in so magnificent an effort. Nor is this feeling of personal shortcoming and unworthiness a mere pretense, a maneuver for drawing forth expressions of admiration. It is a deep, honest conviction, resulting from a consti-

tutional peculiarity that can never be removed. A humility so unfeigned, allied with so much greatness, and mellowed, no less than deepened, by divine grace, throws a great charm around the character, and gives an attractiveness seldom met in such a world.

Thus ignoring self and feeling his dependence on God, he seems to make it his aim to discard everything likely to interfere with his doing good to the souls of his hearers. He weaves no chaplets of flowers around the sword of the Spirit. Not a superfluous rhetorical ornament can be found in his discourses. He does not, while the children are asking for bread, give them a stone. He strives to do good to the whole soul of man as a sinner in danger of perishing. I have never heard more direct, more pungent, more powerful appeals than some of his, to the impenitent. He presents the truth so as to interest and benefit the weakest, while he instructs and makes the strongest marvel. The humblest Christian, with hands hardened and cheek furrowed by toil, may be seen side by side with the man of professional culture and wealthy ease, both listening with equal interest and both equally bathed in tears. His argumentation is peculiar, close, compact, and strong; not with a long concatenation of ideas wearying the mind to keep in hand the whole train of thought from first to last, but with a powerful condensation, till it glows like a diamond, and is grasped as easily as our vision grasps a star,—so comprehensive as to satisfy the mind of widest grasp, and so compact as to be received

by the humble intellect without an effort. Some of his statements of controverted points are, in the compass of a single sentence, more convincing than many a labored argument. Such is the condensation that you have not time to cavil and sift the premises, before your judgment is forced, much as in the case of self-evident truths, to admit the conclusion. It presents a remarkable combination of simplicity, condensation, clearness, and strength. Even when—

“ In thoughts more elevate, he reasons high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,”

you are not “in wandering mazes lost;” but can always—which cannot often be said on this subject—carry away something satisfactory and clear.

Allied with this, is a polished wit and effective sarcasm. Never have we seen these things used with such propriety in the pulpit. In these things, Addison was not more polished, nor in better taste. The most rigid decorum and the most sensitive piety, so far from finding anything to condemn, must cheerfully say that Dr. Wadsworth employs these weapons wisely and effectively on the side of religion, in the house of God. They are delicate and dangerous things, seldom to be trusted in the hands of human frailty at the sacred altar. He uses them only at intervals, but with such propriety and sweeping power, that their appearance is hailed with delight by the meekest and most devout spirit. Objections to the Scriptures, which have seemed strong, and

around which some men would go again and again in labored argument, his wit demolishes at a blow. His sarcasm, delicate and subtle, with the finest edge of irony and in the best taste, is withering and overpowering. Like lightning from a clear sky, when least expected there is a flash and a smash; and nothing remains but the ashes of the empty structure infidelity had so proudly reared. The counter-blow is so truly aimed and so effective that you cannot repress a smile at the pitiable plight of the foe who lies dismantled at his feet. Sometimes, in passing, he makes a thrust at some of the empty fooleries of the day which loom up in such gigantic proportions, and they shrivel under the touch of his sarcasm, like the colossal genius under the wand of the magician in the oriental tale. His wit is truly a polished shaft worthy of being laid up among the furniture of the sanctuary and of being employed in its defense. No armor in which infidelity encases itself, is of such proof as to prevent these fiery arrows from piercing "between the joints of the harness."

On hearing some persons speak of Dr. Wadsworth's delivery, we have been reminded of the complaints made by the dull martinets beaten by Bonaparte in Italy, when they maintained that although the young general uniformly defeated them with such overwhelming results, he should be stripped of his epaulettes because his maneuvers were so totally contrary to the old rules and their own expectations. They could not understand how genius could reach such splendid results

by means and modes not familiar to their own plodding brains. Judged rigidly by the rules of elocution, his delivery, like that of Demosthenes, may show points where many a prosy speaker would be less faultless. Yet we feel sorry for those who are ready to cavil at anything in efforts where the general results are so good and so grand. With us, the disposition to criticise is lost in the impulse to admire and feel grateful. We leave willingly to those who can stoop to it, the littleness of carping and caviling at unessential things, amid so much that is great and good. They may, if they choose, find fault with the diamond because there is a trifling speck : we are more than willing to take it as it is, with thankfulness for the great beauty and treasure it contains. Whatever may be said of his action, it is soon felt to be part and parcel of his thoughts and emotions, the spontaneous outgushing of his deep feelings, carrying with its intense earnestness and transparent simplicity a touching power on the heart that no studied precision, however faultless, could equal ; and which no hearer who enjoys the luxury of the spell produced by the speaker's blended peculiarities and endowments, would wish to see meddled with or changed. We would have nothing different, lest the magic spell be broken. While persons whose mind would be startled in affright at the apparition of an original idea, and could no more control a strong conception than could Phaeton control the coursers of the sun, would spend their little strength on little things incapable of producing even little results,

he, with perfect ease, evokes deep thoughts and brilliant ideas in the gorgeous drapery of an ideal world of his own creation, and as powerfully as Prospero in "The Tempest," controls them at his will. We care not how the magician waves his wand, whether gracefully or ungracefully, if he will but people the air around us with this crowd of brilliant imaginings fresh from the world of thought, and make them pass with all their splendor and power in this whirlwind of feeling over the soul. We have repeatedly seen a crowded audience under the power of this peculiar eloquence, when to them could be applied the words of the great magician to those under his potent spell, in "The Tempest:"

" There stand,
 For you are spell-stopped.
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason."

None but a great orator could produce on such congregations, for years in succession, the effects so uniformly produced by Dr. Wadsworth. Nor could the same effects be produced even by his own burning words, through any other delivery than his own. The attempt to superinduce any other delivery on his thoughts and style, would be as incongruous as covering the neck and hands of Jacob with goat-skins—"the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Moreover he does not take off the edge of his eloquent

thoughts and appeals by dwelling too long on them. You never weary under a tedious elaboration. You are not kept looking at the glass till the foam and sparkle have gone, and the wine grows vapid. He fulfills the requirements of the highest criticism—"Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness; like the drama, it must keep doing. It avoids, as frigid, prolonged metaphysical soliloquy. Beauties themselves, if they delay or distract the effect which should be produced on the audience, become blemishes."

His treatment of Scripture is, throughout, original and exhaustive. A lawyer remarked that he had been in the habit, when a text is announced, of forming some idea in his mind, what might be the outline of the following discourse; but that in reference to Dr. Wadsworth's treatment, he was always far astray in his conjecture. Bold and original, brilliant and suggestive, not only scattering original ideas with profusion, but throwing around familiar ideas a drapery so new as to make us often fail at first glance to recognize an old acquaintance,—he is nevertheless free from what is erratic, erroneous, and startling. No coquetting with false philosophy, no fool-hardy venturing on the precipices of error, no vamping up of exploded follies for gaining a name for originality and independence, unsettles your confidence and enjoyment. The impression made by portions of some of his sermons reminds you of a scene in winter, when trees and shrubbery coated with icicles are brilliant from the morning sun; or of a landscape in the

colors thrown over it when viewed through a prism;— yet amid all this beauty, you recognize the headlands and lineaments of the solid ground of Scripture truth and real life. His imagination uses its resources only for making the truth impressive and attractive. You never find philosophical or theological errors smuggled in under so much that is beautiful. You are not under the painful necessity of picking off worms and creeping things from amid the leaves, and flowers, and fruit overflowing the vase he places on your altar. He has courage and sober sense enough to be evangelical, to hold to the sound old truth, without regard to the fashionable sneers from “philosophy and vain deceit.” The unction from the Holy One has so sobered his soul, that no effect is produced by the bewildering sorceries of modern rationalism. He leaves to other minds the ambition of rummaging in the labyrinths of a false philosophy for the mummies of old errors of bygone ages, and then parading them before the world as grand discoveries of original truth. A fine imagination, led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of a false philosophy, without the steadying power of true religion in the heart, will give utterance to such things as come into the world in volumes tinged with the transcendental rationalism of the day; a fine imagination, imbued with the influences of the Holy Spirit, will produce such sentiments and such instruction as crowd the discourses of Dr. Wadsworth. So full is his mind of original suggestions, so numerous are the fresh and unusual relations of sound Scripture

truth disclosed to his meditative soul, that he can afford to leave to weaker minds and less spiritual hearts the folly of seeking the reputation of deep thinkers, by bringing into the pulpit divine truth bedizened with metaphysical speculations and far-fetched foolishness, in grotesque and painful masquerade. He preaches Jesus fully, as the doctrine of Jesus is embodied in the standards of his own Church. There is no slurring of any doctrine because unpopular or unpalatable. The boldness of thought and imagination, which would carry off some minds with an eagle's flight into the regions of speculation and error, is with him so sobered by true godliness as to keep him steady in the old paths trod by prophets and apostles.

He is particularly happy in expanding Scripture, in catching the true meaning and carrying out what the Holy Spirit would thereby indicate. He is eminently suggestive. He gives as the result of his elaborations not only new thoughts fully developed, but new ideas, involving and suggesting trains of thought for us to follow out in future hours. He has eminently the poetic constitution of mind which is necessary for grasping and unraveling the figurative language of Scripture, and evolving the varied truths hid in the involutions of its rich and beauteous folds. He seems the minister of a better than the old Jewish sanctuary, opening before you the vail of purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, while shaking pearls and gems from its folds. The metaphors, the shadows, the figurative language of the

Scriptures, appear in newness of life under the light he gathers around them. As he opens up a passage, perhaps a single clause only, from some historical narrative, you wonder there is so much in it; and so simple, yet so suggestive does it seem, so clear and so adapted to the wants of your heart—the wonder is you never before saw it in such a light. Like the persons surprised in the depth of the forest with beautiful music, in Milton's "Comus"—around you, in places of Scripture where you are least expecting it,

"Sweetly do soft and solemn-breathing thoughts
Steal like a steam of rich distilled perfumes."

It is like breaking the seal on Mary's box of perfume—the whole house is filled with the fragrance.

A prominent trait in the character of Dr. Wadsworth is his exemplification of the command, "Follow peace with all men."—Heb. 12: 14. His nature shrinks from controversy and strife. No man can strive more carefully to fulfill the words, "As much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men."—Rom. 12: 18. And the beauty of this trait consists in its being found in his character in alliance with an adherence to sound doctrine which nothing can shake, with a calmness which knows no fear, and with a firmness which nothing can control.

Those who have sat longest under his ministry will feel that the efforts of Dr. Wadsworth are among the remarkable pulpit-ministrations of the day. In general

characteristics they bear a resemblance to those of the Rev. Henry Melvill, of London. The character and endowments of her sons constitute the wealth of the Church; and it is only by recording the impressions of individuals, that the fleeting realities which manifest character, can be arrested and embalmed for the treasure of future times.

A MEMORIAL

OF

JAMES COUPER, M. D.

NEW CASTLE, June 27, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. KERR :

I would beg to express to you my thanks for the memorial of your sainted Mother in heaven. Though I had the melancholy pleasure of hearing it when delivered, I will prize it as a remembrancer of one whom I revered and loved. DR. SPOTSWOOD'S sketch of her character is beautiful, just, and finished ; and a touching expression of the affection cherished by the good pastor towards his flock, which, when thus hallowed and mellowed by years, becomes one of the most precious earthly rewards and consolations gathered amid the discouragements and trials of a life of pastoral toil. The getting-up of the whole thing is perfect. No urn ever placed by Roman affection on a parent's tomb was so beautiful and touching an offering of filial love.

I have never known an old age and a death in which all things combined so harmoniously, as in the case of your mother, to call for unmingled thankfulness and praise. There, truly, death was swallowed up in victory. When youth is struck down in its promise, or womanhood in its prime, and around are strewn the wreck of disappointed hopes, purposes unaccomplished, and duties unfinished, we contemplate the wreck with sadness, even though the grave be despoiled of its victory, and death of its sting. But, here, every end of life had been accomplished, every purpose fulfilled, every duty done. To her had been pre-eminently fulfilled the prayer, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Longer than Israel in the wilderness had she followed God fully along the entire road of the heavenward pilgrimage. Every earthly relation of the true woman had she sustained, and its duties discharged with a quietness and energy grace only can give ; and with a gentleness and completeness

which in this world of weakness is seldom equalled, never surpassed. Her natural disposition seemed to be moulded as a medium for a special manifestation of the gentleness and loveliness of the grace of Jesus. Even the earthly investment of her soul seemed assimilated to the fineness and delicacy of the nature dwelling within. And when these natural endowments were enlivened, purified, and ennobled by the grace of the Holy Spirit, they bodied forth a character of unusual attractive loveliness—

The mould
Of earth was so transparent, that the flame
Of God's blest Spirit burning on her heart,
Shone softly luminous on all around.

In her life was embodied eminently "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." On no female heart ever rested more beautifully "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." No human eye gazing on any coronet of queenly majesty and beauty, ever had such pleasure as that experienced by those who beheld set in her soul the purer, richer gems of "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness." Gal. v. 22. No human character was ever more sweetly "Pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." James iii. 17. Never have I felt, more fully than in contemplating her later years, the attractiveness of the promise, "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." Rev. iii. 4.

All whose happiness was to know her, felt the preciousness of her example, of her influence, and of her friendship. Her pastor has testified to her singular excellence as an ornament of the religion of Jesus. Her friends will henceforth feel heaven more attractive, since there they shall be permitted to renew the severed attachments of earth, and find undying companionship with the spirits of the just made perfect, among whom she will rise before their memories and their hearts as a bright peculiar star amid those morning stars of light and love. The beauty of

her character consisted in her being every whit a woman, and in moving in woman's own peculiar sphere. As a true woman, all her endowments of nature and of grace shone forth with greatest beauty in that truest sphere of woman, her home. "Her children did indeed rise up and call her blessed." This fallen world has surely never seen a home more beautiful than that in which for so many years, amid the deepening shades of old age, she, like that brightest star of the Northern Crown of the autumnal sky, among the lesser stars of that brilliant constellation, was the central point of attraction and love among her children and children's children. Those who were privileged to witness the affection, the duty, the devotion of that sacred circle, feel that to witness this was a joy seldom found on earth; and those permitted to gather, as one of them, with her at the feet of Jesus in prayer in that sacred chamber, feel this was a privilege seldom equalled on this side of heaven.

Thus compassed with those who loved her better than they loved their own soul; amid the affection and devotion of daughters; the fond love and duty of sons; with the tender affection and revering hearts of children's children; did she, leaning on the arm of her Beloved and her Friend, go up from this wilderness towards the green pastures and living fountains of waters of the heavenly Canaan. Her end was according to her works. Her hope was calm, sweet, and buoyant in the confidence of a child-like trust. She did herein fulfil the words of Jesus, and "receive the kingdom of God as a little child." How calmly sweet the confidence with which, amid the very shades of death, she whispered, "I have no hope but in the merits of the blood of Jesus." Surrounded with everything to make earth attractive, among which the things supplied by wealth were seen, however desirable, to be O how little in comparison with the blessings lavished on her from the wealth of the affections of so many loving hearts—she went up to the mountain to die, not alone like Moses, but to meet her Lord in His glory on the mount of

transfiguration ; and on that mount to meet under the excellent glory those who were dearer to her than Moses and Elijah, her husband and sons among the saints in light.

There, as she had thus gone up followed by her weeping children on earth, and stood before her Redeemer in glory, meeting there her loved ones gone before, she might truly say, "Lord, here am I and the children whom thou hast given me." And how sweetly and gently did she fade away into glory. As I have seen the moon on a clear winter's morning in her delicate silvery brightness, walking together with the morning star on the verge of the brightening dawn, till at length lost from view amid the full light of day—so did she seem, in the pure, clear beauty of holiness to walk with Jesus, "the bright morning star," above this earth, on the verge of the brightening dawn of heaven, till at last disappearing from human view, as o'er her released spirit did the day break and the shadows flee away. With her, God's dealings were, indeed, a dispensation of love. As with Christiana, in Bunyan's Pilgrim, at the time of her departure, "The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love." And as with weeping friends I came back from her grave, I felt I could say of her as Bunyan says of Christiana : "She entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband had entered with before her. At her departure, the children wept, but Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy."

You will excuse this long letter ; and allow me to say, in conclusion, "Whose faith follow." With my kindest regards and prayers, my dear Mrs. Kerr, for you and for all whom you love, believe me, as ever,

Very truly yours in the Lord Jesus,

GEO. BURROWES.

Mrs. ANN C. KERR.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL

OF

JAMES COUPER, M. D.,

AT NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE,

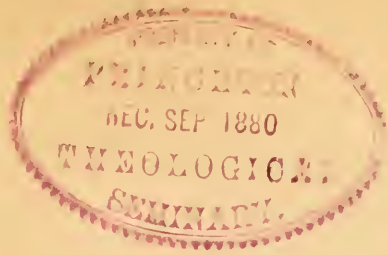
On Thursday, August 17, 1865.

BY

GEORGE BURROWES, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.
1865.





DISCOURSE.

CAUGHT UP INTO PARADISE.—II. Corinthians 12: 4.

FRIENDS, brethren and companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ—As we have here gathered to walk with a dearly beloved friend, far as human footsteps are permitted to go, down into the valley of the shadow of death, and there bid him, so far as relates to earth, a final adieu; let us lift our eyes, red with weeping, away from the dark shadows and chill dews of the grave in which he disappears from view, and look upwards to that world of glory into which he has already emerged to “shine as a star and as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever.” As we stand here weeping, we hear a voice, not indeed like that addressed to the disciples gazing after “Jesus our elder brother, the first begotten from the dead,” as he was ascending to his father and our father, to his God and our God; but a voice like the great voice heard from heaven in the apocalyptic vision, saying to our weeping spirits—“Caught up into Paradise.”

He has been caught up into heaven as a distinct place. St. Paul says that himself was caught up into heaven. But for guarding against the error of looking on heaven as a state merely, and not a place, he repeats

that he was caught up into Paradise—into heaven as distinctly a locality as Eden was a locality on earth. It is the same place of which Jesus spake to the penitent on the cross, “Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” Luke 23: 43. It is called paradise for showing that the souls of departed saints are in a place where they enjoy a perfection of blessedness and a manifestation of the glory and presence of God, which can find its only representation to human minds in the paradise where our first parents dwelt, before the entrance of sin, under the cloud of light, the brightness of the Father’s glory.

The saints are caught up to this glory. They go up to this place as the prophet went up in the chariot and horses of fire. We lose much by thinking these facts of the Scriptures are miraculous and can never be repeated now. The material form of the thing may never be repeated to mortal eyes; but the spiritual truth that material fact was intended to teach, may be, and must be, constantly repeated. The types have ceased; the divine truth embodied in those types lives and abides forever in the history and experience of the saints in every age. The fact of the translation of Elijah, like the types, is a representation to the human senses, of a glorious truth which is realized in the death of every believer. The soul of every dying saint finds waiting for his conveyance to Paradise that which is to the disembodied soul what the chariot of fire was to the body of the ascending prophet. How generally in thinking of death, are we apt to feel with the servant of the prophet, “Alas, my master! how shall we do?” But when

the Lord opens our eyes at death, we shall be as when "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." 2 Ki. 6: 17. The ministry of angels runs through the whole of the Scriptures. The angels were with Jesus from Bethlehem to Gethsemane and his resurrection. The beggar died and was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom. "The angel of the Lord—the angelic soldiery of the living God—encampeth round about them that fear him; and delivereth them." Ps. 34: 7.

Now, therefore, the death of the saints is no accident. They are sent for, caught up. There has been no night when there has not been a guard of angels around this christian home. But could our eyes have been opened on the night before the last Sabbath, we must have seen, not a falling star, but the chariot and horses of fire falling from heaven and stopping at this threshold. In addition to the ordinary picket guard of angels stationed here, we would have seen a battalion of this soldiery of heaven in their armor of light, the escort ordinarily detailed for a prince of the kingdom, waiting for the coming out of this heir of heaven, this king and priest unto God, from the walls of this earthly house of his tabernacle. There stood they waiting in quietness, when, faithful as a good servant in duty to the last, he came in wearied from his last professional call, and closed the duties of a laborious life, as a priest of his household by the evening sacrifice of prayer at the altar of his loved and peaceful home. There stood that escort of angels waiting; there stood Jesus; but the

eyes of our friend, like the eyes of the disciples of old, were holden that he should not see them. The words describing the prophet's translation are well nigh a description of his own. With friends beloved he talked almost to the last. "And it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that, behold, a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them asunder; and he went up into heaven." 2 Ki. 2 : 11. Calm in the blessed peace of his father's God, he laid his weary head on his pillow; but ere sleep had sealed his senses, —unheard by mortal ears, a trumpet blown by angel lips sounded at his door. Like a good soldier sleeping on his armor, he knew the sound and sprang to meet the summons. But this time the master had called not to a midnight pilgrimage of mercy to some sick-bed of the poor; but to enter as a prince and conqueror the chariot of fire; to be caught up into paradise; to meet the blessing, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matt. 25 : 23. When the Sabbath dawned—

"There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, calm as in sleep, he lay;
But from the sky serene and far,
A voice came like a falling star—
Excelsior!" with Jesus!

Thus caught up into Paradise, he is present with Jesus. Absent from the body, we are present with the Lord. We are thus caught up in order that we may be with Jesus. For such the prayer is offered in heaven—
"Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my

glory." Jno. 17 : 24. The road of light along which that escort around this chariot of fire passed away to heaven, was,

"The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness."

It was the same highway travelled by Jesus with the penitent thief from Calvary; the same travelled in every age by apostles and saints; the same along which nearly six and twenty years ago, his own father in whose footsteps this beloved son followed so faithfully to the last, passed away to glory. It was that new[^] and living way opened for us into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; the highway, "The way of holiness," along which "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Thus caught up to Jesus in paradise, they are in perfect blessedness. "Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Ps. 16 : 11. If some traveller returned from the ends of the earth should bring word that the old original Paradise in Eden had been discovered, how thrilling would be the tidings. Better still, if a path of light were found by which it could be reached on some green isle of a tropic summer sea, and we could enter its gates no longer guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, there to enjoy a heritage, a home on its evergreen meadows, its sunny hills, and gather with our own hands the living fruits of an im-

mortal health and undying youth from the boughs of the tree of life. And if we had a friend so happy as to reach that heritage, would we, could we, ever be so selfish as to wish him to leave it and return to the cold realities and withering sorrows of this outer world? No: no. Never: never. But the same heavenly herald that came with the summons for our departed friend, has left for our consolation these words written by the finger of God—"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. 2: 7. Whatever may be the precise state of things in heaven, it is enough for us to know that the departed saints are enjoying a blessedness transcending that of the paradise in Eden, and which can be best illustrated by the joys of that earthly paradise.

Being caught up to be thus with Jesus, they there abide with Him, like the penitent thief from the cross, and return with their King to receive their bodies again in the resurrection. Enoch was translated for showing that the bodies no less than the souls of men shall reach heaven. To this testimony in the patriarchal age, was added that of the translation of Elijah under the Mosaic dispensation. Under the gospel, for continuing unbroken the line of testimony, through the different dispensations, to this crowning truth of our redemption, St. Paul was caught up into Paradise for seeing that the bodies of the redeemed reach heaven; that the body of Jesus is there, and the bodies of the translated few as the first fruits of redemption completed. From this personal view, he was able to speak with even greater confidence in the triumphant testimony he bears in the fifteenth

chapter of First Corinthians to the truth of the resurrection from the dead. Nature did not first teach this truth; but nature is full of utterances and characters which this truth alone enables us to interpret. To the resurrection of the body are we pointed every morning on awaking from sleep. Even amid the gloom of heathenism, reason saw the analogy between death and sleep. Homer says—

“She speeds to Lemnos o’er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death’s half-brother, Sleep.”

How beautiful the confirmation of this doctrine, by the spring whose thousand voices proclaim from every hill-top, and from every valley, and from every cloud in rainbow hues, “Thy brother shall rise again;” by the flowers, themselves raised by almighty power from the dead, whose breath of fragrance repeats, and whose tiny bells ring out in silver-peals pure as those in Paradise, the utterance first heard on Judea’s hills, “I am the resurrection and the life.” These sweet-toned heralds, angels in the material drapery of earth, does the redeeming creator send forth year by year into every flowery valley and every blossoming tree to confirm to us by their analogical testimony this glorious truth, disclosed to us by revelation, demonstrated by the logic of St. Paul an eye-witness to its reality in Paradise, and overwhelmingly confirmed to us by example in the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. O this cold clay, this is not the last of our loved and cherished friend. This mouldering dust is but the germinal elements from which shall spring at the word of Him who brought the brother of Mary and Martha from the dead,

a glorious body like unto the body borne by Jesus in glory, in the midst of the throne, crowned with many crowns, the last and richest of them all his crown of triumph over death and the grave. By the arm of Jesus has the soul of this departed saint been caught up from the toils, and weariness, and infirmities, and cares, and sorrows of earth, to the bosom of Jesus, a star on the breast of that kingly conqueror, there to await the return of Jesus to earth for completing our redemption by the resurrection of our bodies from the grave.

Who then can misunderstand me when I say, that amid our tears we have ground for rejoicing. We bless our father's God for such a gift as that of our departed friend, in whom was embodied such loveliness, such excellence, such usefulness. Instead of murmuring now at the recall of this precious legacy, we thank the Father of mercies that it was so long continued. We pour out our souls in thankfulness amid our tears, for the grace of the Holy Spirit who made this good man what he was; and made us so long partakers of the benefits of his labors, the riches of his example, and the preciousness of his friendship. Why should I here, amid the friends of his childhood; among those who for more than forty years have been witnesses of his daily professional life; among those who during nearly a quarter of a century, must have so often thought of Enoch, as you beheld his quiet and consistent walk with God;—why should I, in such a gathering, stop to dwell on his character? To those who had not the happiness to know him, the words of truth and

affection might seem overdrawn; while to those who have so long felt the power of his goodness and love, the same words may seem tame and below the truth. Under the effects of a blow so sudden and stunning, the heart and hand of friendship fail in such an office.

He possessed all the elements which nature and cultivation combine to blend in the man of gentleness and refinement. He was a man of the most delicate sensibility, the most scrupulous justice, and the most refined sense of honor. So exquisitely was his nature attuned to all that is pure, and lovely, and honorable, and of good report, that he shrank from the very shadow of wrong, from the very breath of untruth; and this delicacy of sensibility, while making him a man of pure elevation and the finest character, was the cause of much suffering in a world of such rough antagonism and unscrupulous policy. Judging others with justice and gentleness, he felt proportionally the ungenerous judgments of natures of a rougher and more selfish mould. His whole standard of duty and honor was not indeed too high for justice and truth, but too high for the peace of a sensitive nature in such a callous world. He embraced in the word honor, not merely the few ragged elementary principles adopted by the irreligious world into their code; but gathering up these as simple primary elements, he blended them with the full finished teaching and morality of the honor that cometh from God. His was an honor refined and exalted by the truth and spirit of holiness. His conscience was sensitive to the most delicate shades of right and wrong; equally keen in its discriminations and judgments;

gently firm and unsparing of self in its decisions; and inflexibly unyielding in carrying out its determinations. No task-master's eye, no stimulus from public sentiment, no goading from personal pride and vanity, was ever needed for keeping him faithful to duty. In him, conscience sensitive, refined, and enlightened, had control supreme. And thus instructed, his conscience embraced in its grasp, judged, and urged to the performance of, the whole compass of duties incumbent on the well balanced man. This inward moral power guiding, controlling, and prompting, made him a man of public spirit in all things relating to the good of his neighborhood and his native State; made him a pure, right-minded, unswerving patriot; and kept in healthful, judicious, vigorous exercise his large natural benevolence, which with a conscience less clear and penetrating in its apprehensions, and less strong in its controlling power, must have made him a man of immeasurably fewer and less valuable works of charity and mercy. He had a natural love for benevolence from the pleasure enjoyed in its exercise. He never sent the needy empty away, even when self-sacrificing effort was necessary for their relief.

His christian character followed the law of our being in taking its coloring from the peculiarities of his natural disposition. In him, nature, education, and culture had laid a noble foundation for the development of grace. Two and twenty years ago, the Holy Spirit made him feel that he needed more than his spotless morality and blameless life to fit him for Heaven. He had hitherto been to his friends a living commentary

on the young man whom Jesus loved, though constrained to say to him, "One thing thou lackest." He hearkened to this divine utterance in his soul; and instead of turning away sorrowful, took up his cross and followed his Lord. He kept back no part of the price; he brought his all and laid it at the feet of Jesus. On a character of such moral excellence, the hand of his Redeemer placed the gift of holiness through atoning blood, as "a crown of pure gold on his head." In laying the foundations of his religious life, he dugged deep, and built upon the rock of ages. Quiet, calm, and conscientious, with his heart broken by the sense of sin, and his eye filled with contrition's tear, as we were thrown together as friends, he took my hand and asked me of Jesus. The scene is still fresh in my memory, as though it were yesterday. I never expect to meet a case of repenting manhood, more interesting and beautiful. While thus he inquired, there was not the earthquake, not the fire; it was the still small voice; and when he heard, like the prophet veiling himself with his mantle, he covered his face in contrition at his Saviour's feet, and felt spoken to his soul the words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Thus in Christ Jesus, he was a new creature. All the native excellences of his character were refined and beautified by Heavenly grace; like a transparency or alabaster vase lighted up within, his soul showed its former features invested with new loveliness.

He held the faith "in simplicity and Godly sincerity." He was "an Israelite in whom there was no guile." Well balanced as were his powers, he showed the effect

of pious parents and pious education in the clearness, harmony, and consistency of his views of religious truth and duty. He was not a pious monstrosity with a religious affection or two of gigantic development on a spiritual constitution otherwise shrivelled and dwarfed. He was a symmetrical christian. He was of meek and lowly mind; a man of steady and consistent religious principle. He was not a man who talked much of his religious affections, though delighting to sit humbly as a learner at the feet of those having a deeper spiritual experience. He was not emotional and demonstrative in words. His religious affections, deep and earnest, were shown rather by calm, quiet action, by embodying in duty the principle, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Jno. 14: 15. He was not above the frailties of humanity. He was a man of like passions with ourselves. He had to struggle with the infirmities of nature within, and the trials—fiery trials to a nature so sensitive as his—to which the child of God is subject from without. He knew from bitter experience, what it meant by crucifixion to the world. Yet few christians have passed through this fiery process, and found so seldom as he, the weakness of nature to give way. In the words of Great-heart, in the Pilgrim's Progress—"We will leave the good man, he is at rest, he also had a brave victory over his enemy: let Him grant that dwelleth above, that we fare not worse when we come to be tried, than he."

Shrinking instinctively from seeming to be what he was not in reality, and coming to the duties of religion with his natural conscientiousness made more sensitive

by divine grace, he strove to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. He would assume no responsibility which careful examination and prayer did not satisfy him he was capable of performing up to the requirements of his own elevated standard. The fact of his undertaking any duty was a guarantee it would be faithfully performed. He embraced in his feelings, efforts, and charities, all the benevolent operations of the church; and gave to them liberally according to his means. He was ready not only for every good work, but for devising liberal things. He was given to hospitality; and made the ministers of Jesus feel his house a home. He consecrated a due portion of his income to the Lord. No one thing lay nearer to his heart than that apostolic test of healthful piety, the cause of missions. He had hardly a purer earthly happiness than in adding to his information and increasing his interest in this apostolic work, by the grand testimonials borne thereto by one who had taken advantage of his position as a public man to know the whole truth from personal observation in heathen lands, to vindicate this cause at home, and to encourage its missionaries abroad; one whom he loved and mourned as a brother; from whom death separated him only a few short weeks; one whose memory we all love to cherish and honor; who must ever stand among the noblest of our patriots, among the foremost of our great naval commanders, among the purest and most accomplished of our public men—best of all, a true and humble christian—the gallant, the great, the good Dupont.

Attached to his own church by preference, convic-

tion, and education, with the liberality inseparable from all elevated and noble souls taught by the Spirit of God, he was glad to feel that the members of the true invisible fold of Christ are not confined to his own denomination, and hail as brother all, wherever found, in whom he could trace the features of his adored Lord. Intelligence, steadiness, consistency, liberality—all fused and enlivened by love to Jesus—were prominent in his christian life. Some persons have a piety—like the mountain torrent, at times overflowing from the passing shower, more frequently dry, dusty, desolate—now, sweeping and fiery in the denunciations of their dis-tempered zeal; now, fallen away even behind the moralities of the world. His piety was “the still stream that waters fairest meadows,” constant, gentle, full, fed from perennial springs beyond the reach of earth’s surrounding droughts, “the Holy Spirit within his soul as a fountain of water springing up into eternal life.” His piety was not like the empty flashes on a summer evening from the bosom of a cloud otherwise habitually in gloom. It was the vestal flame of old, kindled from heaven, faithfully tended, and ever burning constant, steady, and pure. Thus calm and clear did the current of his affections flow on deepening toward Heaven, until at last, when over his soul did the day break and the shadows flee away, his peace was found as a river and his righteousness as the waves of the sea. To the last did the love of Jesus leaven and quicken all his duties; to the last, was he “not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” Rom. 12: 11. His last return from duty was less than two

hours before he was caught up into Paradise. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing." Matt. 24: 46.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"The cry at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

"His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay."

I have not time to do more than allude to him as a physician. None but a person of piety and a physician can do justice to his professional character. He was an active practitioner of medicine for more than one and forty years. He possessed the finest endowments for the profession which he adorned. His natural delicacy, his almost womanly modesty, his gentleness, his soothing voice, even his noiseless footstep, his delicate touch of the pulse; his quiet, earnest sympathy; his quick, instinctive, discriminating apprehension of disease from its earliest, slightest indications; his gentle tact in getting, without annoyance to the delicacy of the patient, the needed knowledge of symptoms and ailment; his cool, correct conclusions drawn from this knowledge often insufficient and perplexing—all pointed him out as a man rarely fitted for the sick-room and its ministrations of mercy. Other physicians who may possess a

measure of these endowments, are seldom found with that which in him gave all these things their crowning worth, and imparted to his qualifications an excellence seldom seen, the presence of that Spirit of "wisdom which is from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, full of mercy." James 3 : 17. He was an ornament to the medical profession; he was an ornament to the christian church. He was a physician of high and rare endowments refined and elevated by true religion. Such men ennoble our humanity amid all its common frailties; and in their character, mankind may feel an honorable pride.

He took a deep interest and pride in all that affected the honor and advancement of his profession. He was a member of the Convention which formed the National Medical Association; was chairman of the committee on medical education; and continued a member of the Association, useful and diligent, till his death. He had by nature and by culture the qualifications which, in a field where his talents could have had wider scope, would have placed him among the most prominent men of his calling. Few men combine, as did himself, the high qualities of the refined gentleman, the cultivated physician, and the humble christian. In his case, the prophet was not without honor in his own country. Let the households saved from bereavement; the pain alleviated, the sorrow assuaged, the precious lives saved from death, by his skill; the many poor on whom his labors were lavished without money and without price; the consternation felt in this community at the tidings of his death—let these things tell his skill, his faithful-

ness, his worth as a physician. When his skill failed in arresting disease, what other member of his profession succeeded? He not only attended with conscientious faithfulness, but studied with sleepless interest, doubtful and difficult cases. He was a model man; he was a model physician; he was a model christian. The band of professional brethren here gathered around him to carry him gently to his last resting-place, in heartfelt sorrow; the christian friends come from distant homes to follow him, in the silence of grief, to his sudden tomb; the poor and the aged who come with weeping eyes and tottering steps to take a last look of the loved and honored dead—these show the hold he has taken on those who knew him and were capable of appreciating his worth.

“When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavor,
 Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But where Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss forever.
 Love led them on, and Faith which knew them best,
 Thy handmaids, clothed them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew thus dressed,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bade thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure, immortal streams.”

Here, as the last words, may private feeling so far find utterance, as to thank our Father in heaven, that one who enjoyed, during nearly a quarter of a century, his confidence and friendship, has been brought by an

unseen hand, on a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth, to bear this testimony of truth, and lay this broken chain, this wreath of affection, wet with many tears, on his grave.



